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The Delightful

HISTORY

OF THE

Life & Death

OF

That Renowned & Famous

St. Patrick,

Champion of *IRELAND.*

Containing His

Heroick Actions, and Valorous Atchievments in *Europe*, *Asia*, and *Affrick*.

With other Remarkable Passages, from his Cradle to his Grave.

London, Printed for *Dorman Newman* at the *Kings Armes* in the *Poultry*, 1685.

TO THE READER.

Candid Reader,

IT hath been in all Ages accounted neceſſary to preſerve Antient Monuments from being contaminated or obliterated; & the more precious the Monuments were, the more care & induſtry hath been uſed for their Preſervations: The moſt Ignorant among the Heathens were not negligent in this matter; but as for the more Refined Heathens, ſuch was their care, and ſo great their Charges, in A-

dorning ſome pieces of Antiquity, that it hath made them Famous over all the World, where any thing of Hiſtory is known, or regarded: Witneſs their ſtately Pillars of Braſs, and other Mettals; their coſtly Images, and other Monuments erected, all to perpetuate, and celebrate the Memory of their Anceſtors.

Reader, I crave no more liberty than they arrogated, my ſubject being of ſuch a bigneſs, the *Hyperboles* may eaſily be avoided; I may with the more boldneſs make my Addreſs to the Ingenious, hoping with him to be Accepted: As for a carping *Momus*, as I value not what he can ſay in my Favours, ſo I as little regard what he can ſay to the Diſadvantage of my Self or Book.

Book. You have here a delectable ſubject, wherein you may have an Idea of One who was the Glory of his Nation, the Honour of the Chriſtian World, the Terror of his Adverſaries, and the Ornament of all places where he Reſorted: His Valour and Succeſs you may eaſily perceive; but the ſharpeſt Eye could never fix one Blot or Blemiſh upon his Reputation, from his Birth to his Death.

I ſhall detain thee no longer in the Entry, hoping that what I have ſaid in theſe few Lines, be made out with advantage in the Book it ſelf; to which I refer the Reader.

Farewel.

The Honourable

HISTORY

Of the Renowned Champion

St. Patrick,

OF

The Kingdom of *Ireland.*

CHAP. I.

How St. *Patrick* with other five Champions was wonderfully delivered out of the Cave of the Sorceress *Kalib*, by St. *George* of *England.*

IT hath ever been held in great esteem amongst all Nations, to preserve a due Veneration of their Heroes, Patriots, and Noble Champions; their Memories have been so pretious to them, that many and great Battels have been fought in Honour of the particular Tutelars of divers Kingdoms.

This makes Greece still proud of her great Achilles, Rome of her Pompey and Cæsars; with no less reason do the English Honour the memory of the Victorious St. George, Spain of her Jago, France of St. Dennis, Scotland of St. Andrew, whose Cross they Annually wear in his Commemoration; As the Britains Celebrate their St. Davids Day, by wearing a Leek in Honour of him: And why the Hibernian Patron should not receive his just and due Commemoration, I think little can be objected against it, but rather all must yield to the Justness and Equality of so Honourable a Remembrance; especially seeing the fame of his mighty Valour, and puissant Courage runs in an equal, if not a larger Stream than the rest of his Fellows.

We shall therefore, to give him his proper Applause, Discourse of his great Atcheivements, Mighty Prowess, Wonderful Successes, and Strange Adventures, as they offer themselves unto us separately and apart from the other six; and herein we shall strictly keep to the best Authors in this case Extant.

Know therefore, that the Seven Champions of Christendom, which we just now recited, were extant in the World at one and the same time; only the Heroick St. George of England came last by Birth; but upon that Occasion, he was fortunately the occasion of all the

wonders

wonders performed by the other six, as the following Relation will at large inform you.

In the Year of our Redemption three Hundred Sixty one, One Calphurnius or Calphurcuus a man Honorable and well Esteemed, begat a Son of Conchessa his Wife, who when he was Baptized was called Suchar or Socher, afterward called by St. Germanus, Magonius; but at last Celestine, the first Bishop of Rome, called him Patrick.

This Patrick was born upon the Coast of Britain, in a place called by the Antients Triburnia or Hiburnia. And being yet a Child, was instructed in such parts of Learning as his tender years were capable of; wherein he profited, to the Admiration of such as knew him, till that upon a time the Irish having made an Inroad upon that Country, carried away among the rest of the Spoil, a great many Children and Young Men, of which Number Young Patrick being but a Stripling, had the misfortune; or rather the fortune to make one.

The Pirate (for such they were that carried them away) having arrived safe at their own Country, and divided the Spoyl; He to whose share Patrick fell, sold him to an Irish Man, who presently set him to keep a Herd of Swine, which grieved the Youth exceedingly: Yet seeing no visible way under Heaven, whereby he could be delivered, he re-

solves to bear his burden patiently, and to put all his Confidence in God, that in due time he would find out a way to inlarge him from that Slavery under which he was. Six years continued he in this condition; at the end of which time, Divine providence directed him (as he was in the Field feeding the Swine) where there was a Treasure hidden in the Earth, which when he had found; his next care was, to try if by its means he might work out his deliverance: Therefore he came to his Master, insinuating, that if he should accept of a little Money, to let him go, he thought he could procure it; the other readily accepts the Motion; so that having payed him down a round Sum of his new-found Gold, he freely discharged him.

Patrick being now released from his bondage, did not stand long debating what to do, but laying hold on the first opportunity, he returned home to his Native Country, to the great satisfaction of his Friends and former Acquaintance, being almost hopeless ever to see him again. Yet the Joy which he had to see his Friends, was not without mixture of Grief and Sorrow; for in his Absence a grievous and deadly Heresie had crept in into the Country, which with its venemous plague infected the minds of a great many People. This Heresie was headed by Pelagius, that Viperous Enemy of the Grace of God.

This

This consuming flame still growing, means were used by the more Orthodox Divines of that time for its extinguishing; for which end St. Jermanus Bishop of Aixen, and St. Lupus Bishop of Trecass came to Britain, who Laboured mightily to inform the People, and to reclaim them from their Errors; Patrick having occasion to hear St. Jermanus Preach, was exceedingly taken with him: Therefore having insinuated himself into his Acquaintance, became very familiar with him, and gave himself, for many Years, to be instructed by him, being as yet called Magonius; his only Study was supernatural knowledge, having quite withdrawn himself from the Cares and Vexations of the World, he totally dedicated himself to Piety and Devotion.

Having thus by long and serious Study accomplished himself with Learning, he resolved to imploy his Talent among the Poor ignorant Irish, whose darkness and misery he was formerly acquainted with: Wherefore he takes a Journy to Rome, and casts himself at Cælestines feet, beseeching him that he would use some means for instructing that People, who though they were Ignorant, yet were tractable, and might be informed; Cælestine highly applauded his request, imploying himself as the fittest Instrument to manage the Work. Having likewise invested him in the Pictish

Office, he called his Name Patricius, hoping he would be a Spiritual Father to many, and so dispatched him for Ireland.

This Holy Man returned about the Year 425. of whose Arrival, when the Inhabitants were certified, they came in vast Multitudes to see him; for although some there were among them that endeavoured to put him out of the Country, yet the far greater part of the People did cleave to him, as to a Father; for there were in him many qualifications sufficient to conciliate their respects to him, being eloquent without affectation, humble without dissimulation, & grave without sullenness: Add to these, his great dexterity in speaking the Irish Language, wherein he was short of none of the Natives; also his Acquaintance with their Manners, whereby he had a great advantage for further gaining of them; but that which gave him most success, was the singular blessing of God upon his labours, by which in a short time he gained a vast Multitude of Men and Women to the Christian Faith.

Thus Patrick like a faithful Sheepherd watches over his Flock daily, instructing young Converts in the Knowledg of Christ, strengthning others in the Faith, and exhorting all to a strict and austere Life. Also, he strenuously refuted the Errors of Hereticks, and confounded the Gainsaying Magitians; he often visited the

Sick

Sick upon their Beds, nourishing their minds with Gospel-Food: sometimes also, when he saw it needful, he with his Prayers Healed their Bodies of their Diseases.

As Patrick followed this course of Life, many there were who with a perverse mind opposed his Doctrine, others as it were haulting betwixt two opinions, not knowing which to follow, greatly desiring of the Holy Man, that he would shew them some Visible Sign of these Joyes of Heaven, and Torments of Hell, which he Preached; he hearing this, did withdraw himself a for little space, and having applyed himself to God, he earnestly besought him that for once he would condescend to their request. The Almighty was not Deaf to his Prayers, by whose inspiration, he went towards the South parts of Ireland, there in a desolate place he found a Cave; into which, if any did enter, there seemed to appear to them most horrible Apparitions in divers and fearful shapes; of which, Girald of Wells who lived about the Year One Thousand One Hundred and Eighty, Writes thus: There is, saith he, a place in the further Parts of Nester, wherein there is an Island divided into two parts, whereof one part is very Religious, having a large Church, which is Famous for the concourse of English to it. The other part being Wild and Uninhabited, is said to be possessed only

by Dæmons, there they are visibly seen to march up and down in great Troops. This Author adds further, that it is reported, that if one be enjoyned for Penance to sustain the Torments of this place, he shall feel no infernal torments, except he afterward commit greater sins than these, for which he did his Penance. This place is by the Inhabitants of the Country called Patricks Purgatory. Yet Patrick did by his indefatigable Preaching of the Word, and frequent Reasonings with those Savages, powerfully convince them of the Reality, and Eternity both of the enjoyments of the Saints in Heaven, and the Torments of the Damned in Hell; for which he was very Famous in his Generation.

He left this Life in the Year of our Redemption Four Hundred Fifty and Eight, whose Body was afterward found, together with the Bodies of St. Columb, and St. Briged in the City of Duns in Ulster, about the Year One Thousand One Hundred Seventy Six; as the same Author doth witness; who also Labours to prove, that by the Vertue of this Patron, It came to pass, that the Irish ground can neither breed nor nourish any Venemous Creature.

He further Writeth, that among their other Wooden Relicks, they have one which they call the Club of Jesus, which is esteemed very famous

nous; for it is thought that with it St. Patrick banished all venemous Creatures from the Iland. Another of his Relicks was a Trumpet, which the same Author saith a Pedler carried about with him, telling the People, wherever he came, that for Reverence to the Saint, none durst Sound it: But being upon a day in a Village where a great many People Flocked about him, he according to his custom held out the Trumpet to them to kiss it: but a Priest called Bernard, standing in the Crowd, snatcht it out of his hand, and set to his Mouth to Sound with it; but as the Story goes, was presently so struck, that his mouth turned awry even to his Ear, so as he could hardly speak; yea further, that he fell into such a Lethargy, that he scarcely remembered he had a Name; though he was formerly a very Learned Man, yet was he so blasted, that when he recovered somewhat of his Senses, he was forced (though an Old Man) to begin like a Child to learn the Letters.

There was in those dayes a mighty Sorceress named Kalyb, who for the Closer management of her Enchantments, was retired from Humane Society, into a Cave, remote from all Walks, Roads, or Habitations, and encompassed with thick Groves, solitary Desarts, mighty Thickets, and unfrequented Solitudes, where she had fitter opportunity to put her vile

vile Practices in Execution. In this place she had an Enchanted Castle, wherein she shut up all those her Fiendly-Power could Seize upon, which she feared or suspected might be Instrumental of doing any good in the World: Especially Men of great Courage, and Noble minds, which alwayes go hand in hand; and that is the reason why Men of Valour seek out brave Enterprizes, and Heroick Exploits: Such as the relieving the Distressed, dissolving the Charms of Witches, and Opposing whatsoever is hurtful to Mankind. On these Considerations this malitious Enchantress employed her utmost cunning, (which she arrived to by a constant Familiarity with Infernal Spirits in these Dark Recesses) to find out the Nativities of Children, whose Stars promised great things, and whom the Fates had determined to great and Famous Exploits: and no sooner had she discovered the happy Birth of any such like Champion, but strait she fell to her Magick, and Spells; and by her Emisaries or Familiars, would lurch them into her Clutches, and confine them by her Enchantments from that Chivalry, which otherwise the World might expect of them. By these Artifices she had already surprized into her Custody all the Seven, except the Valiant St. George, whom the good Stars had determined to be the deliverer of all the rest.

She

She Seized them all in their Minority and Childhood, or rather Infancy; for in the Night when their Drowsy Nurses were a sleep, this powerful Enchantress would send her Friends that should Spirit them away to her Magical Cell; leaving their distressed Parents to tear themselves with Fruitless Lamentations.

In this Brazen Inchanted Castle they spent their time, shut up from the Comfort and Society of their dear Friends and Parents, and all the Dalliances attending the Children of Great Princes, (for of no less Stock were these Mighty Champions descended) and confined to the Society of Batts, the Musical Harmony of Owles and Ravens, Joyned with a Consort of Froggs croaking, Adders hissing, Wolves howling; and such a dismal noise as might well beget in them an Opinion, that they were no better than on the Confines of Hell.

When one day walking in the Hall of their Magical Covent, where, amongst many other Monstrous Figures, was the Picture of the Famous Hydra with the Seaven Heads; Sayes the Wise Patrick to his Fellow Prisoners, Methinks this silly Serpent very well represents our Condition, (only she hath one head too many) who like so many heads are joined to a noisom Body, and confined to an ugly deformed shape; and yet these heads are Crowned as if they were Kings or Princes

ces at least, and one of them seems as a sleep, which perhaps may signify another Worthy, not yet arrived to us.

The rest with very great attention hearkened to the Admirable Interpretation the Sagatious Champion had made of that Dreadful Figure, and with no less astonishment, gave ear to the strange Explanations he made of divers other Monstrous representations, which instead of Ornaments were fixed around the Walls of the Brazen Castle, which was indeed all the Diversion these Great and Generous Heroes had to entertain themselves withal; There (instead of Curious Tapistry, wherein the soft History of the Arcadian Loves were Expressed, and instead of Battels, Landskips, Prospects and Histories with which the Galleries of their Palaces were adorned:) they saw the Figures of Gastly Proserpine, Fell Rhadamantus, or Fiery Alecto; their Eyes were blasted with the shapes of Hellish Furies, Horrid Monsters, or cruel Murthers: Their Ears, instead of the Charming Sweetness of well tuned Musick, were accosted with yellings of Spirits, groanings of those that were bound in the Fetters of Kalybs Enchantments, howlings of terrible Fiery Wolves, Roaring of Devils; and all the distastful noises imaginable: So that many times you might have seen

seen the French Champion stop his Ears with Mushrooms to keep out the Horrour of the frightful sound. But the Magnanimous Patrick (who in his Childhood had been used to Conquer Irish Wolves, and in quest of Beasts of Prey to hunt through the foulest and most noisom Boggs) little daunted at these hideous Spectacles, often by his great Courage and Bravery, Buoyd up the Spirits of his dejected Companions: and would recount to them the Labours of Hercules, the Travels of Eneas, and set before them the Examples of Great and Couragious Champions, who by their prowels had Conquered all Difficulties: Wherefore he perswaded them with an Undaunted stedfastnels to contemn the Misfortunes of this Witchy Cave; not doubting, but their kinder Stars would direct a way out of that dismal Labyrinth.

One day it happened, that the Sorcerels (having sate up in Consult the night before with her Acquaintance of the other World, and having drank a dose or two too much of Lethe, in drinking Healths to Pluto) was laid to sleep away her potation, and in that Interval the Valiant English Champion, who had been divers Years shut up in a Recluse in that Enchanted Castle) took the Freedom to view the Apartments of that Brazen Tower; he had seen the Garden, which swarmed with Basilisks,

Cro-

Crocadiles, Alpes, Scorpions, and all sorts of venemous Serpents; In the midst, a Fountain fed by the River Styx, wherein they bathed their Flaming poisonous Tongues. On the Trees (instead of Fruit) hung the Sculs of Dead Men that had been devoured by these Monsters: After having observed abundance more of these Hideous Spectacles, he came into a Yard, where the Dogs were that guarded the Castle; some whereof had heads like Bulls, and were derived of the Centawrs; others had three or four heads, which the Witch had obtained of the race of Cerberus the Dog of Hell; some had Flaming Tongues, others Tallons like Eagles; with divers other forms too tedious here to recite: but such was the Majesty of this Famous Champion, that all crowched and fawned whilest he past them by. This Court led him into the great Hall where the other six Heroes were confined. At his entrance they all stood amazed, supposing some Deity had been come to visit them, until our brave Sr. Patrick assuming his Native Courage, thus address'd himself to them.

Be not abashed, most Noble Partners, at the presence of this Extraordinary Person whom here you see; for since his coming into this Room, it hath been revealed unto me, that this must be the most Famous, Valiant, and

Renowned

Renowned Champion of England, whom for our Deliverance, our Angels have ſent unto this place; and this doubtleſs (continued he) is him that was ſignifyed by the ſeventh head we ſaw on yonder Beaſt, which ſeemed to us as if aſleep. At which, caſting their Eyes towards the Figure of the Hydra, they perceiv-ed that that head ſeemed to be awake, and was lifted up above the reſt; whereupon they all made their Obeiſance to the brave St. George, and were by him comforted with promiſes to do his utmoſt towards their Enlargement from that Barbarous, and Miſerable place. Then turning himſelf unto our Famous St. Patrick, Sir (ſaid he) Your Extraordinary Courage, and great skill in Revelations, give me Oc-caſion particularly to apply my ſelf to you; beſides, my good Genius doth aſſure me you are of the Antient, hardy Hibernian Race; and that with your Sword you ſhall per-form ſuch Wonderful Adventures, and Fa-mous Deeds, as ſhall enroll you in the Bed of Immortal Honour, and juſtly Entitle you the Champion of your Native Country. Somerhing he added to the reſt, but that not being to our purpoſe, we Omit; only that he told them he would go and put ſuch a deſign in Execution, as ſhould ſpeedily accompliſh their deſired Enlargement.

Then

Then taking his leave of them, he retired to his own Quarter, where he had remained a very little while, before the Cruel Sorceress Kalib came unto him; and feeling yet about her the warm effects of her last-Nights Debauch; she could not forbear expressing her Amours to the Young Knight; and although she had often, without Success, made use of the same Importunities with the other Sir (especially our Irish Hero) who with manly Bravery withstood her lascivious Assaults; yet at the sight of the English Spark, she fell to her old pulling, and found in her self a Violent Inclination to a farther Intimacy, which in such words she uttered.

Most puissant Knight, You know me to be Lady of this mighty Castle; and that there is nothing in the Power of Hell but I can accomplish; for not only all these Fell and Dreadful Monsters residing in this Valley, but even the Fiends themselves Obey me. Nor there any thing so difficult, but for the sake of your Love, I will perform: Command then Noble Prince, and you shall soon see how ready your Kalyb is to obey you; only afford me the sweet Embraces of your Excellent Person, and all that I am, or have, is at your Princely Feet.

At this the Youthful Champion seemed to be somewhat surprized; until recollecting with himself, that seemingly to cherish her Affection, would be the only way to accomplish his designs, for by that means she would be ingaged to a greater Confidence in him, and the more Complaisant to his purpose: He therefore made her this Reply.

Mighty Princess, Since by your Extraordinary bounty, I have found a Noble Entertainment in your Pallace, beyond the stretch of my slender Memory to remember; and by your great kindness, have had Information of my Parentage and Quallity: Besides the Mighty Favour of your High Affection; It would be Stupendious Ingratitude in me, not to Embrace so Noble a Friendship: Wherefore be assured, Great Lady, That the services of your Captive shall be always prostrate to your Command. Then making a very graceful Conge, he Imprinted in her a strong belief, that her Charm had taken; wherefore taking him by the hand, she led him round the Battlements of her Pallace, giving him a large prospect of vast Dominions and Territories; then leading him on through many Galleries, at length she brought him to a Grot or Cave, wherein was a large Vault in the fashion of a Stately Hall: it was covered with mighty

Groves of decayed Peppers, and as dark as night: But this darkness was Vanquished by a number of Goblins, who with Flambeas stood round the Room. Here she gave him an Entertainment of her Magical Diversions, causing many Fairy Spirits to Masquerade it to the Musick of Beetles and Grass-hoppers: Then came a Troop of Satyrs, footing it to the Noise of their own Bagpipes, they having learnt that Instrument of Pan; at last came in a kind of jolly fellow clod in Ivie, and a sort of Mushromes, having twenty Jacks with Wisps dancing in before him; and seeming to stagger, or rather stumble into the Hall, he entertained them with the following Song.

SONG.

FRom Oberon, and Fairy-Land,
The King of Ghosts, and Goblins there
Mad Robin I, at his command
Am come to view your Nights-Sports here;
What Revel Rout
You keep about
In e'ry Corner where I go,
Mad Robin I,
Your Feats will spy,
And fear you home with Ho, ho, ho!

If

If any Wanderer I do meet
That from his Night-Sports doth trudge home,
With Counterfeiting Voice I greet,
And cauſe them on with me to Roam;
O'er Hedge, o'er Lands,
Through Pools, thro' Ponds,
O're Hill and Dale, both high and low:
And when I have done
Away I run,
And leave them laughing, Ho, ho, ho!

Sometimes I meet them like a Man,
Sometimes an Ox, ſometimes a Hound,
And to a Horſe I turn me can,
To trip and dance about them round;
If any dare
My back to ſtride,
More ſwift than Winde, away I go,
O'er Hedge, o'er Lands,
Through Pools, thro' Ponds,
And leave them laughing, Ho, ho, ho!

When Lads and Laſſes merry be
With Poſſets, and with Junkets fine,
Unſeen of all the Company,
I eat their Cake, and drink their Wine;
And to make Sport,
I Fart and Snort,

And out the Candles I do blow;
The Maids I kiſs,
They Skrick! Who's this?
I nought reply, but, Ho, ho, ho!

The Song ended, all the Faries, Goblins, and Spirits in the Hall, ſet up a Levit with Hunting Horns of all ſizes; which they did with ſo ſtrong a Blaſt, that by the Ecchoing of the Vault and Caves, you would have thought all the Noiſes in the World had been contracted into that Cell. This being perfoxmed, the Witch diſmiſſed her Familiars, and Conducting the undaunted Knight to her own Apartment, She gave her Servants Order to lay her Bed in a low Parlour, and Commanded the Room to be ſtrewed with Penſies, Vervain, Dill, and Yerrow; there being in theſe Herbs a Magical Virtue inclining to the Feat; thence taking the Governour of her heart into her Cloſet, ſhe took a Bottle of Nepenthe, which had many years been preſerved, and was found out by Juno to incline Paris to affect her: here taking firſt a large ſoop her ſelf, ſhe poured out a Glaſs full for St. George; whoſe Natural Signature had armed him againſt all Inchantments whatever; therefore the Knight, without Heſitation, drank it off, naming it a Healeh to Kalyb's beſts affection, which ſhe took in ſuch kind part, that ſitting down

down on her Couch, she drew the Valiant Youth to her side; and falling into another Amorous Pang, She had much ado to put off the Violence of her Passion until Bed time: But the fumes of her last Dose working on the Vapours of her last-nights Potation, at last closed her eyes, which the subtile Champion soon observing, he laid hold on a Silver wand which lay in the Closet, whereon was Engraven this Motto,

He that hath this, may all things Do,
May spoil the Charm, and Charmer too.

Upon which, St. George Immediately concluded this to be the Enchanted Rod, by which she wrought all her Magical Spells; and heartily glad of such an opportunity, was resolved to try the Experiment of it on her self; wherefore with that Wand stroaking her gently over the Eye-lids, he sealed them for ever opening again, and Charmed her into such a Dead Lethargy, that she never more awaked.

Now, now indeed, the Noble Hero found the Motto true, and was every Minute more and more Convinced of it: For he had not time to go out of the Room, before our St. Pa-

trick, and the other five Champions came to kiss his hand for what he had done: For no sooner were the Eyes of the Circean Enchantress touched, but they all felt the Chaines of their Captivity to fall off, and a new Courage spread through their Veins.

Divers Caves also that had Men, and Children, shut up in them many Years, of themselves flew open, and there was a Universal Goal-Delivery, of all such as the Sorceries of Kalyb had Confined; for at the minute of her Death, her Power ceased, nor was there any longer force of her Charms.

All

All the deformed Spirits, Hideous Monsters, dreadful Noises, and Venomous Serpents Vanished, and a beautiful Serenity diffused it self over the whole Valley. The Grass assumed its Verdure, the Flowers their Odour, the Birds their Harmonious Warblings, the Fountains again recovered their Christalline Purity, and all things returned to their Native Order and Beauty.

Thus was the Mighty Inchantment of the Famous Kalyb dissolved; whilst the Infernal Spirits hurryed her miserable Carkass into the Dreadful Torments of a Wretched Eternity.

CHAP. II.

The Valiant St. *Patrick* taketh leave of the other six Champions; what happened to him after his departure.

THe Heroick St. Patrick perceiving himself now at liberty from those Witchy bonds which had a long time confined him, and hindered the great performances of his Sword; thought fit to lose no longer time, but to seek out such Adventures as might Enrole his Name amongst the Chiefest Worthies: Wherefore he spake to the English Champion after this manner;

Right Noble and Victorious St. George, since it hath pleased our better Stars to make you the Glorious Instrument of our Redemption from the miserable Enchantment wherein we were tyed; and you seem to be sent from Heaven to us, as our Guardian-Angel; give me leave (after repeating my Unfeigned thanks for your so unparalleld favour) to assure you, that I think the Remainder of our Lives cannot be better Employed, than in the Service of our Renowned Benefactor; and therefore we will follow your Conduct, and Commands, upon all Occasions,

casions, and Acknowledge it as our greatest happiness to serve so Generous a Master.

To which Speech, the other Five having declared their joynt Consent, The most Courteous St. George having with great Humanity received their Complement, made this Reply;

Renowned Irish Knight, Whose unmatcht Courtisie (without the Acheivements of thy Armes) might Entitle thee Conquerour of the World; and you my Fellow Souldiers, who with so great Affection have offered your kindness to me: You may be well assured, that it was not for my sake, this great Miracle hath been wrought, but for the general benefit of all Mankind, who need the assistance of your Valours: Let us then shape divers Courses, and search out Glorious Atchievements in the furthermost part of the World: Let us divide our selves, and scatter Monuments to our High Courages in all the Habitable parts of the Globe; making the most Remote and Barbarous Provinces pay Tribute to the Memory of the Seaven Mighty Champions of Europe. And as for You thrice Noble Patrick, where ever the Irish Harp shall sound, your Fame shall be recorded by the best skill of deviceful Bards, and smooth

smooth-Tongued Rythmers; our several Native Countries shall wear Badges of Honour to our Memories, and the greatest Knights take their Nobility from the Names of our Order.

This Rhetorical Speech of St. Georges being ended; the Active Irish Knight thought long to have his Spurs on; wherefore calling to him one Mac, a Servant of his, that had been shut up with others in the Inchanted Rock; he gave him order to go and provide Horses for himself, and the other six Champions, and to bring them to the Brazen Tower with all Expedition. Mac readily Obeying his Lords Commands, was gone in a trice. In the mean time the Worthy Knights searching the Rooms of the Castle, found all manner of Rich and Costly Furniture, with Princely Habiliments of War, which the damn'd Sorcerers had laid up, having belonged to Princes, which she had Devilishly made away in her Enchanted Cell. There were carved Indian Lances, Turky Bows, Tartarian Darts, Toledo Swords, Flemish Pistols, Leather Carbines; and so many sorts of Martial Engines, so quaintly devised, that it would have puzled all the Virtuoso's in Athens to have mended their Invention. There were Drums and Trumpets that would beat and sound of their own

own accord, to animate the Valiant to Battle. Musquetoons and Blunderbuss's that would charge and discharge themselves seaven or eight times following: There were Likewise, Breast-plates, Reins, Croupers, and Furniture of all sorts; some whereon the Pencil had shewed its best Art; others where the Needle hath tryed its utmost skill: for on some were the Loves of Pyramus, and Thisbie; on others Dido hanging her self for Eneus, then Venus tearing her tresles for loss of Adonis; Juno looking through her fingers at the Rapes of Jupiter; and on one was Prophetically drawn St. George and the Dragon, with Damosel by: Besides, a number of Impresses, Devices, and curious Stories of like Nature, enough to fire the Courage of the most mortified Knight alive.

They had scarcely chosen out of the Armory, what was suitable to their several Phancies and Occasions, before Mac was returned with the Horses; which were such, that if Barbary were ransacked for Beauty, or Germany for strength, they could not have been matcht; Nor is it strange, that they were brought so suddainly; for this being an Age of Miracles, St. Patricks Groom met them on the Road coming to the Castle of their own accord, and ready marked to their hand; for the Irish Knights was handed with an Harp; the English with a Garter,

Garter; the Scots, with a Crols Saltier; the Britains with a Leek; The Italians with a Tarantula; The Spaniards with a Goat; and Monsiers with the Scratches: So that it was eaſie to determine which Jennet belonged to each Champion.

There was not need of much trouble to put on their ſeveral furnitures; for they fitted ſo exactly, as if they had been made on purpoſe; they were all very Sumptuous, Rich, and of admirable Device. I ſhall only take notice of the Capariſon of our Noble St. Patrick, whoſe Impreſs was an Orpheus playing on an Iriſh Harp, with a number of Sheep and Bullocks feeding on the Mountaines by. His Motto was,

Beware the Wolf.

Now being all mounted on their fiery Steeds, which ſeemed as ſo many Pegaſus's, or Charriots of the Sun; and having marched beyond the bounds of the Caſtle: where having caſt Lots which ſhould make the firſt Adventure, the Lot fell to our Noble Champion St. Patrick; who in a very Knightly Oration, Exhorted them to affirm Amity with one another; and that they ſhould employ their Valiant Swords in Honour of their Native Countries; promiſing withall, that if either of their perſons

required

required his Service, he would on the least notice not fail to come to their Aid and Assistance. Thus having Mutually Embraced, and taken leave of one another, they separated themselves; each one taking his course, as his particular Genius prompted him: Our Champion bending the Course of his Travails towards the North, where he had understood, that a Knight of Extraordinary prowels, had beleagured a very Beautiful and Excellent Lady in her own Castle, with resolution to force her thence to Marry him, notwithstanding she had plighted her Faith to another Lord; who tho much Inferiour to him in the Bounties of Fortune, had by far the preheminence of him in Personal Endowments, and especially in the Esteem and good Affection of the fair Climena, (for so was the Lady called) so that the most Accomplisht Philadon had already secured the main Forrels, whilst in vain his wretched Rival Lymas lay Storming of the Out-works.

Seven times had Radiant Phœbus warmed the Cold surface of the Earthy Globe, and as oft tyred with his Quotidian Toyl rested his Declining Head on the Crocean Pillow of his Hostess Thetis, since our Renowned Patrick had left the Company of the other six Hero's: and now being come within two or three Dayes Journey of the besieged Lady, in the Evening he entred into a most delightful Valley,

more

more like the Workmanship of an Artificial Gardiner, than barely the Product of Nature; so smooth and even was the surface of the Flowery Medows, as if Flora had thereon spread a Carpetting of Persian Work; the Verdant ground being Enamled with all the gay varieties of Flowery May, the Walks of Stately Elmes were Ranked in straight Files, and did not unfitly represent a Regiment of Souldiers; when by the skill of some Brave Commander drawn up in open Order, for which way so ever you cast your eye, you might observe they ranked Level on every side; The Hedges were stored with the most curious Fruit Trees of the most Choice and Excellent kind that the Climate affordeth, where the blushing Peaches seemed to court the hand of the faint Traveller; and were placed near the Road, by the Bounty of the Lord of the Soil, for the refreshment of such as passed that way. He rid by divers, Ponds of Silver-scaled Fish, where he might see the gilded Carpe, and shining Tench at strife which should feast most on the nimble Flyes, which in the Evening played on the surface of the Water: This Prospect was so very Delightful, that our Champion could not forbear stopping his Chasing Steed to divert himself with the pleasant sight, whilst the Rays of the declining Sun gave a fresh Lustre to the Enammel of their glittering Scales as they

they danc't above the Water. Not far from this, he came by the Bank of a stately River, which by the slowness of its Motion, seemed as if unwilling to forsake the pleasant Fields through which it past; here might you see the Princely Trout shew himself out of his proper Element, whilest he proudly viewed his Gold and Scarlet in the Mirrour of the Flood; The Ravenous Jack hunting the little Dace, which hid themselves under the Gravel of the bottom to avoid his Tyranny. Passing a little farther, Our Martial Traveller came by a well-head Oak, which standing on the bank of the

Stream, seemed as if he had drest himself by the reflection of his Shadow on the Christal Channel.

Channel. Under this Tree sat a Person of a very Reverend Aspect, having a Fishing-Rod in his hand, with which on Occasion he used Innocently to disport himself by the Waters side; his face was not forsaken of its fresh Carnation, although Age had snowed on his Silver head: his habit was rather Neat than Gay; Spun out of the finest Fleeces of his own Flock; His whole meen spoke him to be a person that Commanded a respect, even from Strangers; At the sight of our Noble Adventurer, The Courtious Olindor arose from his Grassie Cushion, and with a Gentle Aspect saluted him after this manner:

Sir Knight (said he) for so your Armes and Equipage bespeaks you to be; I well perceive you are a Stranger in these Parts; and the time of the Evening now requires a due refreshment after your Travels, wherefore if you please to accept of such a Treatment as my Country Mansion doth afford; I shall acknowledg it an Honour to my House, and you shall as freely command there, as if you were in your own Inn: Besides, you must understand, that here is no Village for your Reception, in divers Miles of this place.

St. Patrick having with due acknowledgment accepted Olindors Generous Offer, alighted

Alighted off his Horse, and taking the Reins in his hand, he walked together with his Noble Host towards his Stately Habitation. They had gon but little more than a Furlong, before the Walks opened them a prospect to the Front of the Building, which stood on a gentle ascent of ground looking over the pleasant Fields we but now described. The entrance was raised on Pillars of Marble, with Pedstals and Capiters of Burnished Brass, which gave a lustre like shining Gold; within the entrance was a Terras supported with Pillars of Jet, upon a Pavement of divers Culler'd Marble most Artificially layd in Chequer Work, on each side a green Court set with Mirtles, Oranges, and Pines. The Building it self was raised with Porphyrie, and Alabaster Curiously set in Uniform Squares, or Pains. A little before they came to the entrance, at a small distance on the left hand was the Stable; a structure not unsuitable to the Grandure of the rest, but as much as any thing spoke the Magnificence of the Owner; besides carved Stalls for a hundred Horses, there was in one part a Mew appointed where the Hawks were kept, which in their several Seasons brought the Duck, the Quail, the Patridge, and Plover to their Maskers Table, there were propper Lodgings for the Grooms, and Falconers, besides Stores for the Provender

der, and Rooms wherein the Rich Sadles, Caparisons, Arms, and Furniture was carefully kept: So many perquisites swelled the Stables almost to the Bulk of the dwelling House, which was hardly distinguishable from the other in figure; only that it lifted its Lofty head above it.

Near the same distance from the entrance on the Right hand was a Curious Fountain, representing the Famous River Nilus; for at seven heads it discharged as many Christal Streams into a Vessel of Marble, from whence the Water was conveyed to an Adjacent Pond for washing, and refreshing the Horses.

Near the Door of the Stables waited several of the Grooms, who at a distance perceiving their Master, ran to attend him, and received into their Care the Horse of our Knightly Travellour. Then the most Hospitable Olinder taking the Noble Patrick by the hand, Conducted him into the most Beautiful, and compleat Pallace that ever his eyes had seen; They passed through a stately Hall whose guilded Rook dazled the Eye of the beholder; round about it were curiously Painted the History of the Trojan War, the Mighty Gyants Ascapath and St. Bevis; and the Famous Combat between Captain Jones, and the King of Bombaza; Their Postures and Weapons were so

so lively depainted, you would have thought their Swords and Spears had clasht together;) thence, going through a Gallery which had a Floor of Ceder in-laid with Ebony and Silver, and the Wainscot of Indian Porphirie, curiously guilded with Embossed work of Gold. They might see there in several Pieces of admirable Paint, the Honourable and great Atchievments of the Antient Lords of that princely Seat; from whence entring into a Parlour, whose Beauty exceeded all that had yet been seen; they sat down on a Couch of Embroidered Damask richly perfumed, which through a large Casement of Chrystal, Entised the Eyes of St. Patrick into the most Beautiful, and Attractive Garden that ever was contrived, by the most Exquisite Artist: All that the Fabulous Poets have said in praise of their feigned Elysium falls much short of describing the Charming Glory, and sweetness of this place.

There were Fountains Contrived with such Admirable Art, that they Saluted your ears with a Consort of all sorts of Delectable Musick, Statues of Copper, expressing all the Months of the Year, besides divers Historical Figures; but in the midst stood Flora, Enthroned as it were in her proper Orb, with all the Fragrancies of Nature round about her. At one side was a Wilderness for Shady Walks, where (without the Clew of Ariadne) it was hard for a

Stranger to find the way out again, in one Corner of this was a Grotto where Artificial Birds of all Sorts Exprelled the lively Notes of the Natural, and that so truely, that Starlings, Black-birds, and Linnets have often resorted to them, and joyned in their Consort.

Whilest at these Excellent Prospects; Our Champion was Contemplating the Grandure of the Noble Olindor, a Page with an humble Reverence, brings into the Room, a Voider of all the Various and Excellent Fruits that Stately Garden did afford; some whereof were Candied with Excellent Art: Of these the Generous Host presents his Heroick Guest, which were of great refreshment to him after his weary Travail; They had likewise of the Richest Tuscan Wine, besides Cordials of Admirable Virtue. Then the Page helping off his Armour, St. Patrick with the Friendly Olindor, took a walk towards the Grot, in the further side of the Garden, where sitting down together, they began to recount their several Adventures, and to enquire of one anothers Fortunes, Misfortunes, Successes, and Accidents.

CHA

CHAP. III.

What Diſcourſe happened in the Grot between St. *Patrick* and *Olindor*, how St. *Patrick* undertakes the Releaſe of the Lady *Climena*; with ſeveral Adventures that befel him.

THe Renowned St. Patrick being affected with all Imaginable Satisfaction, at the Grandure, Magnificence, and abounding Courtiſie of the Gengrous Olindor; and well knowing ſuch ſumptuous Pallaces, ſplendid Attendants, with the other Gallantries wherewith that place abounded, could not be maintained without an anſwerable Revenue: He thought himſelf highly Obliged to pay a ſuitable reſpect to the Lord of the greateſt Pallace he had ever ſeen. Therefore calling a Princely Aſpect (yet full of Humility) towards the Reverend Olindor; he gave him a full Account of all the Direful Accidents already mentioned, in relation to himſelf and the other ſix Champions; all that had happened to them in the Enchanted Caſtle of the Magical Kalyb, with the wonderful manner of their ſtrange deliverance; by the diſolving her Charmes: at which the Good Olindor could not forbear to interrupt him in this Sort: Oh Heavens! ſaid

he, and is that Helliſh Sorcereſs at laſt puniſhed for her Divelliſh Practiſes; how much is the World Obliged to the Fortune and Bravery of thoſe Worthies, that Accompliſhed ſo great a Bleſſing? I have heard (Continued he) Strange and Dreadful Relations, of Monſtrous Cruelties, and Barbariſmes committed by that Lewd Witch; but had never that particular, and ſatisfactory Account, which now even makes my Ears to rejoyce at the hearing, and fills my Chill'd Veins with a diffuſed warmth for Joy of ſo great a Benefit. What Bleſſings may not Mankind hope for from the Glorious Arms of ſuch All-Conquering Heroes, now the propitious Stars have already made you Tryumph over the powers of Darkneſs, and Conquerours even of Hell it ſelf.

The Noble Patrick could not here forbear to pay an Honourable Acknowledgment to his Gallant Hoſt, for the great Character he had giv n himſelf and Fellow-Champions, adding, tha whatever Courage or Fortune Heaven had made him and his Brother-Champions Maſters of, muſt certainly be at the Devotion of ſuch as the Brave Olindor; and that for his part eſpecially, he knew not how in Gratitude he could anſwer the high Obligations conferr'd on him, without laying both his Sword, and himſelf

ſelf at the Feet of ſo Excellent a Perſon. Alas (repiyed Olindor) you have laid ſo weighty a Compliment on a declining Old Man, as makes me even ſtoop beneath the weight of it: But Noble Knight (ſaid he) if your Valour call for Exercile; there is a Neice of mine, by Name, Clymena, that may need the Aid of your Knightly Prdwels: You muſt know Gallant Stranger, that this Lady is Heireſs to a very Large and fertil Territory, yet of a Family whoſe ſtock of Honour far Exceeds the Bounties of their Large Fortunes. At the Age of Fourteen both her Parents were ſummone dto the Elyſian Shades, leaving the Fair Clymena to the Tutelage of her Mothers Brother; This Gentleman had a Son of his own about ſixteen years of age by name Philadon, who is Maſter of as much perſonal Beauty, happy Education, ſweet Diſpoſition, and natural Courage (perhaps) as any Lad of his Age, only his Eſtate came ſhort of Clymena's; but that was largely ſupplyed by the other Accompliſhments; which made my Young Neice ſo fond of him, that ſhe would never entertain a thought of Marrying any other Perſon, but ſtill admitted him to all opportunities of Converſation; ſpending their time in ſuch Gentile Diverſions, as were proper for Perſons of their Quallity: Sometimes his Voice, ſometimes his Recorder muſt make a Conſort

to her well tun'd Lute: Sometimes their wanton Feet would measure out an Artificial knot upon the plain, whilst one of their Pages proportion'd out their time on a Guittar, or Violin. Sometimes her Phansie would lead her to the Rivers side; where with his Hook and Line, the Charming Philadon would attend her, bringing the Inhabitants of the watry Element out of their cold Region, to dance and play in the Sun-shine of her Eyes; and what Excellent strains of Courtship would the Enamour'd Philadon use on such occasions; telling her, that the Sparkling Diamonds of her face bestowed the guilding, and Enamel on their Silver Scales. Then taking out his Pocket-Whistle, he gave his Page a summons, who in Obedience to that call, streight attended: Sirrah (said his Master) do you give this Worthy Knight the Fishing Song my Kinsman Philadon, made on my Neices going to the Rivers side with him, at which the Page taking a Lute taught the strings to answer his Voice, whilest he sung.

SONG

SONG.

Wee'ce gang Early to the Burks ſide,
To catch the pretty Fiſhes as they do Glide,
And e'ry little Fiſh thy Priſoner ſhall be,
For I'ce catch them, and Thou'ſt catch Me.

There were more of the Verſes, but becauſe of late they have been made common, I ſhall not trouble the Reader with them; but the Page having ended, much to the Satisfaction of the Traveling Knight, (who much admired his graceful performance all the while) the good Olindor Aſſumed his Story after this manner.

But now all thoſe Innocent paſtimes are ceaſed, and their Muſick changed into the Noiſe of Trumpets and Ems, Their Dancing into Sallies, and Attaques,

For ſuddainly in one Night (one Lymas a great Lord of the Northern Part, having heard much of the Fortune of Climena, and not thinking it fit that any one ſhould be Maſter of ſo great a Treaſure beſide himſelf) came with a mighty force which he had raiſed among his Numerous Tennents; and Accompanied with many young Sparks of his Acquaintance; in an Inſtant ſurrounded the Caſtle, which is the reſidence of theſe two young Lovers; intending

ding to force the incomparable Clymena to his greedy Embraces; many attempts hath he made by Granadoes, Batteries, and other Essayes, to enter the Houle; but by reason of its advantageous Scituation, strong Building; and the great care of my Nephew and his Servants, they are still repulsed without success: Yesterday I sent my only Son (who will be glad of the Honour of your Acquaintance) to gather as many of his Friends and Tennants as he finds willing to engage with him in so Honourable an Enterprize; either by force to drive Lymas out of our Territories, or at least to relieve the Castle until a greater Strength can be raised.

In the Midst of this discourse a Page gave notice that Supper attended for them, whereupon Olindor taking the Irish Patron by the hand conducted him to a Spatious Arbour at another corner of the Garden, which was Composed of Gellamines, Mirtles, and Roses; adjoining to it was an Exquisite Fountain representing Helicon, where the Nine Muses were Expressed in most propper Hieroglyphicks cast in Copper; the Conveyance of the Water was contrived with such Art, that in its passage it made a Musicall Harmony, as if Organs, Harpsicals, and Viols, had been in Consort, and by turning a Cock, they could make it answer any tune they pleased.

The

The Table was of Allabaſter, whereon they had a moſt Princely Entertainment, ſerved up in Plate and Porcelane of the China make; There was Kid, Fowl, and Fiſh, with the Choiceſt Fruits of each kind, according to the proper Seaſon: Wine Richer than ever the Grecians offered in Sacrifice to Bacchus; whileſt by the Command of Olindor one of the Pages, ſetting the Fountain in Accord to his Voice, in a mournful Accent ſang this

SONG.

AH! Fading Joy, How quickly art thou paſt,
Yet we thy Ruine haſt,
As if the cares of Human life were few,
We ſeek out New,
And follow Fate which would too faſt purſue.

See how on every Bow the Birds Expreſs,
In their ſweet Notes, their Happineſs;
They all enjoy, and nothing ſpare;
But on their Mother-Nature lay their Care;
Why then ſhould Man, the Lord of all Below,
Such Troubles chuſe to know,
As none of all his Subjects undergo?

Hark

Hark how the Waters Fall, fall, fall!
And with a murmuring ſound,
Daſh, Daſh upon the Ground,
To gentle Slumbers call.

Notwithſtanding the Princely Patricks Senſes were all at one time Importuned, and feaſted with the greateſt Delicates Imaginable: His Eyes with the Beautiful proſpect of the Pallace and Garden; his Ears with the Charming Muſick of the Page and Fountain; his Noſtrils with the fragrant ſweetneſs of the Arbour; his Pallate taſting the ſeveral well-Cookt diſhes, and various Fruits, with which the Table abounded; nor was his ſenſe of feeling un-imployd, for although the ſatisfaction he received from ſo Excellent a Banquet was very great; yet felt he in himſelf a more Ardent deſire to Encounter Lymas; and Exerciſe his mighty Armes for the relief of the Beautious Clymena, than for ever to enjoy the wanton Luxury of all the Courtly Entertainments imaginable. Dellicacies and Dalliances are uneaſie to Valiant and Heroick Souls, whoſe Magnanimity ſpurs them on alwayes to feats of Arms, and the puiſſant Atcheivments of Chivallry.

The thrice Noble Prtrick could not forbear diſcovering the inward reſentments of his ſoul unto

unto the Brave Olindor in this sort.

Excellent Lord Olindor, Although the Princely Opulence under which your Table growns, be such as Emperours Pallaces may well envy; and the Entertainment your Bounty affords me, far transcending all the acknowledgments I can possibly return; yet give me leave to tell you, that the Opportunity you have put into my hand, to serve you in relation to your Neice, and to Hazzard my Life in the service of so Worthy a Lord as Olindor, infinitely surpasses all the satisfaction Arising from the other considerations, so that now I covet nothing more than to see the Face of Lymas, and to call him to account for the Injuries offered to your Excellent Neice. Doubtless (said he) he shall soon be sensible of the loss his own guilt will pull upon him: But (continued he) Know Famous Olindor, that before I had the good Fortune to meet you by the side of your River; I had fully determined to Revenge upon the Impious Lymas, the injuries and abuses done by him to the Lady Clymena; for it was only that Motive that brought me hither: But I must acknowledge my Resolution much Hightened since I have had the Relation of her misfortunes from your Lips; and especially since I understand the aliance between your

your Families to be such, that you are engaging your Noble Son in the Conflict.

Whilest he was speaking this, a Servant gave Notice that the young Lord Olinderus was come, and had brought with him about

five Hundred Tennants of the Principal Youth of the Yeomandry, besides about twenty young Noble-Men of his Acquaintance; all ready Horsed and Equipt for the expedition: At which they Immediatly rise from Table, and went to the Entrance of the fore-gate to meet them; where the Brave Old Father having Embraced his Son, the young Olinderus and his

his Companions: He appointed the Spacious Hall for the Entertainment of the Young Farmers, and an Inner Gallery for the Reception of the Nobles, they being resolved to rest themselves in his Pallace for that Night, untill the next Morning Light should Summon them to attend the call of the Warlike Trumpet.

Great Observation did all the Strangers take of our Valiant Patrick, whose Martial Presence, and Heroick Comportment, made them unanimously fix upon him to be their Leader; but this determination they kept secret until the Morning. In the mean time the Prudent Olindor gave orders to divers of his principle Servants to be ready to attend his Son on the next dayes March, and to bear him company in the Battel: And to one he gave special direction to bring him word what was the first success of the Engagement. All the while the brave Olinderus was entertaining his Friends with the Sumptuous Refreshment his Fathers House afforded, whilest several brisk Glasses went about to Clymena's Health, and the good success of their Expedition.

Thus passed they away the Evening, with many discourses relating to the carrying on their Enterprise, until the good Olindor sent one of his Gentlemen to acquaint the Noble Champion, that if he pleased to repose himself, his Apartment was ready: So being Conducted by

divers

divers of the principal Servants with Wax lights in Silver Stands; the Hospitable Old Lord would needs attend his Guest to his Lodging, as likewise did the Young Olindarus, and divers of the Principal Nobles: He was led up by a large Stair Case of Cedar Richly Carved and Guilded, the Wainscot adorned with many pieces of curious Landskip, and Sea Prospects of Admirable Art: So that in divers the Wracks were so Lively described, you would have thought you had heard the sinking Marriners call for help: Some Vessels seemed to be just blowing up, where many Bodies appeared mounted up far in the Air, and their Limbs scattered with the Violence of the Powder. Within this was a Chamber, where on the Cealing was a Skie most Artificially wrought, where Silver Cynthia, and her Nocturnal Train of glorious Stars and Planets gave so great Lustre as if they had been come there on purpose to keep an Alternate watch during the Champions Repose. It was hung round with the Richest Venetian Tapstery of Silk, Silver and Gold; in which was admirably expressed the Story of Argalus and Perthenia's Love with their many Adventures; and fatal Tragedy, one would have thought by the splendour of this Chamber, that it had (at least) been the Pallace of bright Phœbus, or at least a Receptacle provided for the Poetical Gods.

The

Thus having brought our Mighty Hero to this Magnificent Lodging; the Most Courteous Olindor, and the rest of the Noble Train took their Leaves of him, recommending him to the Quietude of Downy slumbers; and having bid each other good night, with the greatest Civillity the most Generous Tongue could Express, the Valiant Patrick laid him down on an Italian Couch, made of the Richest green Silk Damask, under a Canopy of Pearl-Couler Sattin wrought with Flowers of Gold; and Revolving in his mind how to manage the Fortune of the following day: the heavy Morpheus with his Leaden Key Lockt up his Sences in soul-refreshing sleep; and about the midst of the Night appeared to him the Resemblance of the Most Renowned St. George, having on one Arme his Golden Garter, on the other his Ruby Cross, and on his breast the figure of the fiery Dragon; his countenance was exceeding Beautiful, such as it had been, when he Charmed the Enchantress Kalyb: his presence was altogether Amiable and Attractive; and approaching the silent Bed of the sleeping Champion, he thus Accosted him:

I the Idea of Great George am come,
To tell thee thou must be Base Lymas doom;

Thou Valiant Patrick shalt his Power Quel,
And free Clymena from his Magick Spell;
Then shall thy Sword in Thracia raise thy Name,
The Eastern Soultans shall Proclaim thy Fame:
Kings shall in Patricks Honour Bages wear,
And Mighty Kingdoms to thee Statues Rear.

Having said this, the Friendly Spectrum with a slow pace left the Room; whilst St. Patrick oversoy'd with the Vision awaked from his pleasant slumber, & still Imagining his Brother Champion had been in the Chamber, stept out of his Bed to thank him for the extraordinary care he took of his Concernes; but at last finding no one, he concluded it was St. George's Angel which in such Courteous manner had administred this comfort to him; so returning again to his Dormitory, he passed the Night in various Cogitations until the Morning.

But what pen is able to paint out with what Celerity they Addressed themselves to their March; for no sooner had the gray Janitor sprinkled his first Atroms of light on the darkned Ayr, foreshewing the approach of Apolloes Chariot; but our Warlike Patrick descended

scended into the Hall, calling for his Armour, where in a short time the Brave Olindarus, with the rest of the Young Nobles met him. The Grooms had already fitted all the Equipages of their Horses, and made them ready for their Masters call, and the furious Beasts stood beating the Ground with their hardy Hooks, as if angry they were not on the March; straight as soon as the Knights had compleatly Armed themselves, the Trumpets sounded to Horse; when the mirrour of his Age, the Incomparable Olindor, came out of his Chamber to take his leave of his Son, and his Noble Guests; But first addressing himself to the Champion of Ireland, acknowledging the kindness of his Stars that at such a time had brought so extraordinary a Guest under under his Roof; adding that the fortune of his Neice, and whole Family depended on his Valour; and that he did not doubt of Victory under the Conduct of so Worthy a Cheiftain: To which he replyed, that he wanted words to express how much he was Obliged to the goodness of the most generous Olindor; but as long as he had a hand able to weild a Sword, it should still be employed in the Service of himself and Noble Family: Then rendring him his Knightly thanks for the large Bounties of his House, protesting he thought him the

most Hospitable Person in the World; the Heroick Patrick would needs kiss his hand, and so went to his Horse; Then with a chearful countenance, embracing his Son, My Olindarus (said he) thou art now going into the Field of Honour, to Fight the Battel of an injur'd Lady, my dear Neice; I know that when I was at thy Age, I wanted not Martial Blood; and am only grieved my Age denies me now to bear thee company in so brave an Enterprize: Let these young Sparks, that in most friendly manner bear thee Company, to the Wars, see proof of the inherent Valour that dwells in Olindors Blood; nor spake I this as doubting thy brave Performance; no, my dear Olindarus, thy forwardness and conduct in this whole Affair, hath given me a large assurance of thy readiness to enter the List, and I doubt not but I shall see thee return Loaden with Triumphs, to the eternal Honour of thy Noble Ancestors. Then giving him his Paternal Benediction, he commended them all to the Tutelage of Minerva, advising them to make choice of the thrice Famous Patrick for their Leader; which with one Voice they immediately did, it having been their resolution the night before: and with loud Acclamations confirmed their Choice, taking it as a good Omen, that they had done it by the direction of Olindor, whose

Charms

Chariot waited in readiness to accompany them the first two Miles of their March.

CHAP. IV.

Their Equipage at departing from the house of *Olindor*. St. *Patrick* arriveth at the Camp, accepteth the Challenge; with what followed thereupon.

The Famous Patrick being the Mirrour of true Chivalry, and Errant Knighthood, was accoutred not unsuitable to his high Quality: He had on a Suit of Armour of Sythian Steel, hardened by the Cyclops in the Forge of Vulcan, folded with joynts of Brass, and set with Studds of Gold; at the bowings of the Arms and Knees, were Figured the heads of four Monstrous and Terrible Giants, whose Eyes seemed to sparkle with burning Fire: on his Breast-Plate, he wore a Harp, Curiously Composed of Diamonds set in Gold, and strung with Pearl; signifying his Native Country, and being the Cognizance thereof. As for his Target, it was of the Skins of scaly Fish, wrought into form by the Indian Magicians, and hardened by the Sun, till it was impenitrable, even by Darts pointed with the sharpest Steel; he had a Lance born by his

Page, made of Materials so tough, as no force could brake, and had for its point the Horn of an Africane Unicorn, that would batter even very Rocks. On his Head was a Murrion of the Finest Copper, Flowered and Inlaid with Gold, and sparkling with Jems of divers sorts; in the Crest whereof, was set a very large Crimson Feather, spangled with Gold, which waving down his back, seemed like a blushing Cloud, gently moving before the Wind.

His Sword was supposed to be the Sire of that in Westminster-Abby, in times past so Terrible to France; it had so great Virtue, that it would dissolve Enchantments, brake in sunder Magical Rocks, and resist the force of Poyson. This Armour, as you have heard before, was found in the Enchanted Cave of Kalyb, and placed there by Minerva, to be worn by the most Valiant, and Undaunted Chevalier in the World; the proof whereof will appear in the following History.

Nor was the Equipage of the young Olindarus, less exquisite; for his Armour, Trappings and Target, were as Rich as any were ever seen in the Trojan War; where the Gallantry and Art of the Grecians, were to the Life expressed. All the other young Noble men his friends, had their several devices; Some in memory of their Ladies; others pourtrayed the design of their Enterprize, with o-

ther

ther Allusions proper to their several Passions, and Inclinations. They were all Mounted on Horses of such Admirable Shape and Courage, as if Parthia, or Germany had been ransacked for their best Horse of Manage.

Their thundring Hoofs did beat the trembling Ground,
Their lusty Neighing, made the Air resound;
In Line most regular, they Marcht, to show
That they by Rule, would Vanquish puissant Foe.
Such Courage, Ancient *Sparta* rarely bred,
Enough to make Great *Homer's* Heroes dread.

Never did Thiefstain with more bravery Grace the Front of his Officers, than our Mighty Patrick lead his youthful Army to the Tryal of their Valours: All acknowledging him to be the most undoubted Captain that ever gave Law to the Sword of his Enemy.

The first day, having in most Graceful Order passed the Confines of Olinders Vally; they ascended a mighty Hill, which brought them into a Plain, within five Leagues of the perfidious Lymas's Army. Here they resolved to rest themselves that night, and take such measures as might the better fit them for an Attack the next morning: Wherefore

the Riders dismounting, enclosed a large piece of Campaign Ground, in the midst of which they turned their Horses to Grass, that they might be the fitter for the next days Travel. Whilst our Famous Patrick, the brave Olindarus, and some chief of the young Nobles, advised which way they might give notice to the Castle of the fair Climena of their advancement towards her relief; but to their great Astonishment they were soon answered by the wonder of his Age, St. Patrick, who assured them, that by the Vertue of his Sword, any one might pass Incognito to the Castle, and bring them an account before the Morning: Whereupon it was resolved, that the Noble Olindarus should (by the Messenger) give his Cousin a Letter of their design, which he immediately writ, in this sort.

To the thrice Fair Climena, Olindarus sendeth greeting.

WHen these shall kiss your fair hands, you may understand that my self, and about Eight Hundred of the Principal youth of my Fathers Country, understanding the unworthy designs of the Traytor Lymas against your Person, are now upon our March, in fifteen Leagues of your Castle; having for our Captain the most Renowned

St.

St. Patrick of Ireland, whom some good Star brought to my Fathers House, that very Night that we were mustering our selves for this Expedition: He is a Person by unerring Fate designed to make all that he opposes Trophies to his Valour. We only wait an Answer from you by this Messenger, that we may know in the best manner how to apply our selves to your Service,

Olindarus.

No sooner was this Letter written and sealed, but St. Patrick laying his Enchanted Sword on the shoulder of the Page, and pronouncing the words, Presto Remigrare; the Messenger Immediatly vanished like a Bird through the Air, and in few minutes was at the beüeged Castle, passing over the Camp of Lymas, as if he had been the Foot-boy of Jupiter, whilest his Magical disguise kept him unobserved by the Souldiers and Watches; and not discovering himself until he came into the presence of the Beautious Clymena: where we will leave him to receive his dispatch, and return a little to St. Patrick and his Noble Brigade, whom we left on the Plaine before-mentioned.

The

The Champaign where these Warlike Horses were grasing was without any water, so that they had little stomach to fall to their green Salet without drink, being very Thirsty with their Travail; wherefore like generous Praunсers they carvetted round their pasture, beating the Soil with indignation that afforded them not water to allwage their Martial heat. The Famous Horse of the Irish Champion pawing on the dry ground with great disdain, suddainly there arose under his foot a large Fountain, from whence Issued such abundance of Water, as served not only for the Refreshment of the Horses, but their Riders, to the great Astonishment of all present: And no Wonder,

For if there were such Vertue in the Beast,
What must He have by whom he was Possest.

And presently after, to increase their Admiration, there fell amongst the Horses so great a showre of Oates and Beans, that the Cattle were Knee deep in Provender, where they wanton'd it with great Luxury, until the Trumpets the next morning sounded to Horse: And tho this Relation may pussle the belief of a Heretical Reader, yet we may account it but a Pulsnie Miracle, if compared with those more Stupendious Successes that often attended

ded our Champion in his Heroick Adventures.

Now whilſt the Noble Olindarus, and his brave Companions were with much wonder Contemplating on what had happened; the Page returned from the Caſtle of the Lady Clymena, and brought the following Letter.

Clymena *to the Noble* Olindarus *wiſheth Health.*

Right Noble and Dear Couſin,

YOurs by your truſty Page came ſafe to our hand, with no leſs Welcom than the gentle ſhowers to the parched Earth; and we cannot but pay our beſt thanks to your Self, and thoſe Honourable Worthies with you, that with ſo much Gallantry have engaged in defence of our Innocence againſt the Barbarous Violence of the Inhuman Lymas: eſpecially to that Mighty and Renowned Patrick, whom Fame ſpeaks more than Man, and from whoſe unconquerable Arm we may juſtly hope a happy Deliverance. We muſt now lay aſide all thoughts of beating of the Tyrant by an Army, for not half an hour before the arrival of your Meſſenger, a Trumpeter from the Camp brought us this Challenge.

Philadon,

Philadon,

SInce thy boldness offereth to withold Clymena from me; know that to Chastise thy folly, I have in my Camp a Gyant and Champion, who personally is resolved to defy Thee, or whom thou shalt Appoint; if therefore either thy self or any other shall be so hardy as to meet him Armed to morrow in the Plain, before the Castle, at the Hour of Two in the Afternoon, thou wilt there receive a just reward for thy presumption.

Upon reading this Paper, my dear Philadon resolved himself to Fight the mighty Gyant; but what apprehensions that must needs put me into, you may easily imagine: I was resolved rather to hazard all by a Sally, then permit it: But this I durst not reveal to the Noble Philadon, whose great Soul believes all things superable by the love of his poor Clymena. I leave the conduct of all to your more Judicious Council, expecting to hear from you in the Morning.

Clymena.

This Letter being read in the presence of the Great and Mighty Champion St. Patrick, he

he immediately concluded the Gyant to be a Butt proper for him to shoot the Arrows of his high Courage at; and therefore resolveth, before Day to be upon his March to so brave an Enterprize, by no means brooking any farther delay; wherefore ordering the Trumpets to give the Summons at that time; they laid down to take what refreshment they could in the interim.

About three in the Morning, the Trumpets according to Order giving the Signal, they were soon mounted, their youthful Rage boyling in hope of a suddain Encounter; their Furious Horses (though on a very swift March) went Chafing with Foam, as if their Riders made not hast enough to the Fatal Battle. By break of day they were come in view of Lymas's Camp, which soon took an Alarm at their unexpected approach, and were quickly in a posture of defence: But the Gyant (having swallow'd a Calf and two Sheep for his Supper, and drank a Firkin of Brandy as a Healths to Lymas, and his next dayes success) was in so profound a sleep, that all the Cannon in the Dutch Fleet could not have awakned him; but before his Eyes were unglued, St. Patrick had levell'd a forlorn of about Sixty of their Infantry, and struck such a Terrour into the rest, as made them give him way to enter the Castle with his Troops, which he easily

did

did; for at the first hearing the Alarm, Clymena concluded her generous Relievers were come, and was quickly confirmed in that her Opinion; for looking towards the Camp she soon knew her Cousin Olindarus by his Horse, and a White Feather in his Helmet, which had been her Brothers; wherefore causing the Castle Gates to be opened, they found a speedy entrance, none of Lymas's Men daring to follow them to the Outworks.

As this unexpected Relief ministred much occasion of joy to the Besieged; who apprehended the Gods had fought for them, and on so Extraordinary an Attempt received the greatest Encouragement Imaginable: So was it of as ill Consequence to the Besiegers; who now perceived they had to do with Persons of such Incomparable Gallantry and Courage, as dreaded not the dangers, nor Terrours arising towards on such occasions; but rather with greatest Resolution courted Honour in the greatest Difficulties. This made the Crafty Lymas (more then ever) rely on the force of his Monstrous Gyant, in whom alone he now rested his hope of Victory.

Nor may it seem strange, if on the alone Consideration of this Mighty Monster, Lymas might think himself in Condition to Challenge the whole World: for he was of so vast a Stature, that the Stoutest Man on Horse-

back

back could scarcely reach up to his Navel; and (if Fame be not a Lyar) he was Grandfier to the King of Bombaza named Bahadercam, whose fall so signalized the Valour of Captain Jones. This Gyant was named Cambagor, born on the Pyrenean Mountains, and was from his Infancy bred up in the hardships of that Climate, abounding with bitter Frosts, and Snows; and in the Company of Lyons, Bears and Tygres; out of whose Jaws (when a Boy) he rescued many a Breakfast: He would as ordinarily fell a Lyon with a Stroak of his Fist on the Pole, as a Warrenner kills Cunnies. He was so great an Enemy to the Flocks of the Neighbour Villages, that he had destroyed most of them; and sent their owners into the other World for endeavouring to protect them from his devouring Chapps. He would take the maddest Bull by the Hornes, and twist his head off.

One day being drawn down to the Sea side, he espied a Mighty Whale not far from the shore, which he thought might make a proper Booty for his greatness, wherefore casting a mighty Oak into the Sea, he bestrid it in pursuit of the Scaly Monster; and the Wind taking hold of the boughs of the Tree, drave him ashore on that Coast where Lymas had raised his Army against the chaste Clymena. At his first landing, spying a Company of Men, he designed

designed immediately to Sacrifice them to the Appeasment of his all-devouring Gorge, which was then more than ordinary whetted by the sharpness of the Sea-Air: But they (soon perceiving the purpose of the Fell Monster) left the place, and resigned him the prospect of a Flock of Sheep, which at that time served him for a Supper.

His Mouth was so large, that it seemed like a Percullis, with five sets of Teeth, of that strength as would bite in sunder Barrs of Iron: The first bitt he made at Sheep, Staggs, or Bullocks, was at their Horns; which he presently snapt off, and spit out of his Mouth for fear of choaking; the rest of the body was soon dispatched down his throat, into the unsatiable fornace of his Stomach.

Now the Base-minded Lymas hearing of this Inhuman Monster, bribed him (with whole Heards of Cattle, and Flocks of Sheep, besides Tunns of Liquors) to put him in Possession of the Incomparable Clymena.

But no sooner was the ever Famous St. Patrick, with the rest of his Brigade, got into the Castle; (after having been Complimented by the Fair Clymena, and her lovely Philadon, for the great Honour they did them in attempting such hazardous Adventures for their sakes: and having on their parts declared their resolu-

tions

tions to hazzard their lives in purſuit of ſo glorious an Undertaking:) but they unanimouſly agreed to ſend Lymas this Anſwer to his Challenge.

To the Unworthyeſt of Men, Lymas; Philadon *ſendeth Greeting.*

THy Challenge by the Trumpet the laſt even, was received; and in return thereto, Know thy Champion ſhall at the Time and Place be met by a Friend of Mine, who, for all Thy Bravadoes ſhall ſend his filthy Soul to the Shades of **Acharon**: And as for Thee, if thou dareſt to be his Second, I will my Self undertake with equal Weapon to decide thy Pretentions to my Faireſt **Clymena**.

Philadon.

And now hanging on the Caſtle Walls the Signal of a Meſſage, they diſpatched a Drummer to Lymas with the Anſwer: Who having peruſed it, concluded the Lady his

own, and fancied Cambagor had already eat his way to Clymena's presence: so seeming highly satisfied with the answer, he dismissed the Messenger, telling him, his saucy Master should dearly repent his rash Undertaking; by receiving due Chastisement from his just indignation.

No sooner was the Messenger returned, but the Gallant Philadon began to set all things in Order for this Mighty Combat, there were Galleries Erected for Clymena, and the Ladies with her on the outside of the Castle, against the plain ground; from whence they might be Spectators of the Bloody Encounter; The Noble

Noble Philadon, with the brave Olindarus, and the reſt of the Gallant Horſe that were in the Caſtle, drew out before the entrance of the Garriſon, whilſt the Infantry placed themſelves on the Walls: On the other ſide, Lymas had drawn his Men in a Line, making as it were a boundary to the other ſide of the Plain; ſo that the middle ſpace between the two Armies, was the Field where the ever Famous Patrick was to ſignalize his immortal Prowels by deſtroying the dreadfulleſt Gyant that ever was mentioned in Romantick Author: Whileſt the Souldiers on each ſide were in readineſs to have engaged, if any foul play ſhould be uſed.

CHAP. V.

The Dreadful Combat betwixt St. *Patrick* and the Monſtrous Gyant *Cambagor*. His Voyage by Sea towards the Coaſt of *Greece*, and the ſtrange Adventures that happened to him in that Voyage.

NOw the appointed hour being come, wherein the Fortunes of the Incomparable Clymena were to be determined by the matchleſs Sword of the invincible St. Patrick, he marched out of the Caſtle to the Plain before mentioned, attended by the principal of the Nobility moſt ſplendidly Accoutred, with ſuch gayity of Plumes, Embroideries, Paintings, Guildings; as if they had been going to the Nuptials of ſome Magnificent Emperour; the very Aire receiving Luſtre from the dazeling ſplendour of their Armes and Trappings; and the Vally reſounded with the Eccho of their Silver Trumpets. They found the Monſtrous Cambagor already entred the Liſts, (he being the Challenger) his very appearance ſtruck a terrible apprehenſion into moſt of the Spectators, by the dreadful gaſtfulneſs of his grim Countenance; his heighth was about thirty foot, ſo that thoſe that had not lived in an Aze of Gyants, would have took him

him for a walking Steeple; for compared to him the Monsters in the Guild-Hall would have seemed to be but Pigmie-Pages: His Shield was the Hull of a Ship, his Spear a mighty Mast, pointed at the Top with half a Tun of Iron; at his back was hung a Club, being the Body of a mighty Oak; for any thing less ponderous seemed but as a feather in his hand. Our glorious Champion St. Patrick was mounted on his own trusty Courser, and Armed at all points as was before described, with that Enchanted Armour found in the Magical Cave, which no force of Weapon could penetrate; and though for Stature of Body he came very short of the Over-grown Gyant, yet he far exceeded him in Courage; and was not much inferiour to him for strength of Body, which joined to the greatness of his Valour, made large amends for the disproportion of his Stature.

Having view'd his Monstrous Antagonist, the ever-Famous Patrick rid gently to him, and denouncing a generous and brave Defiance, he alighted from off his Horse, counting it dishonourable for so great a Champion to Fight even a Monstrous Gyant at such disadvantage: So taking his Target and Spear, he began the most Tremendous Com-

hat that ever was related, there having never been so glorious a Victory obtained at so vast a disadvantage.

The Gyant with Prodigious force made a blow with his mighty Spear at the Head of St. Patrick, which he nimbly avoiding, with a suddain thrust of his Lance, gave the Monster a wound in the right Knee; the horned point of it sticking so fast in the Joynt, that our Champion was fain to jerk with all his strength to recover it again; at that, the Fell Gyant fetching another blow at his Head, enough to have battered a Rock; St. Patrick with his Target cast it off on his Shoulder, the weight of it sending him to the ground; but falling only on his Breech, he rose with such nimble advantage, that his Spear found way through the keel of the Gyants Shield to wound him in the Arm; Cambagor's Spear breaking with the last stroke he made on St. Patricks Shoulder: And finding his Shield not Proof against the Irresistable force of his Weapon, he cast it down with such Violence, that it brake in pieces on the ground; then betaking himself to his mighty Club, he laid about him with such fury, as must soon have dasht our Champion to Atoms, had not the Excellence

of

of his Armor, and the wonderful strength of his Constitution preserved him. This Encounter continued long, and to the great Astonishment of all the Spectators, who were struck with wonder to see a Man of Ordinary Size and Proportion resist, and overcome the Violence of such a mighty Monster.

Full many a Death-threatning blow had our brave Hero put by with his Glassy Target, which sometimes would rebound them with such unexpected Violence, that Cambagor could scarce avoid measuring his length on the Ground, being overpoised with the force of his own blows; yet could never make any Impression on the body of our hardy Knight; who now laying by his Lance, suddainly drew his Fatal Sword, which in little time had chopt off so much of his Club, as made the weight of it much less Offensive to him: At last the Gyant making a full blow at our Noble Knight with all his might, thinking therewith to have dasht him into the Earth, our Nimble Hero received it upon the Edge of the Sword, which split the remainder of the Club in two parts: and weary of the long Encounter, with great indignation, he flang his Sword at the Face of the Monster; being fully assured it would not fail of some notable Execution: He threw it with so mighty force, that the Edge taking against the Gy-

ants Neck, it immediately made a separation between his head and body; so that his Monstrous Head fell like a Mountain to the Earth, at which the huge Supporters (that were like two great Trees) failing; the vast bulk of his body fell to the Ground, and resigned his frightful Soul to Pluto.

Thus fell this Terrible and Formidable Gyant Cambagor by the hand of that wonder of the World, the Mighty Patrick, who (had he lived) would in short time have devoured the Cattle of a Kingdom: The which Heroick Action filled the Air with the loud Shouts and Acclamations of all about the Castle, whilst

the

the Camp of Lymas were in great Consternation for the loss of their (as they thought) Invincible Champion.

At the sight hereof, the Princely Philadon advanced, to pursue the Noble Victory by revenging his wrongs upon the Person of the Trayterous Lymas: who was so far from appearing as Second to his boasted Champion, that on sight of his Fall, he withdrew into the Rear of his Army, and suddainly rid out of the Field; whilst the Noble Philadon with great honour demanded him to make good his Challenge: But he not being to be found by the Officers of his Army; and they having advice from the Rear, that he had quitted the Field, immediately broke their Commissions; acknowledging to the Generous Philadon the Injustice of their Quarrel; and taking an Oath never more to appear in so unworthy a Cause; they forthwith dismiss their Souldiers, who were weary of serving so bad a Master; and dispersed themselves to their respective Habitations. Some of Lymas's Neighbours taking the Road that lead to his Country, espyed him in a Field about a Mile distant from the Camp; where he had turned Executioner to himself, and with his own hands had hanged himself to a Tree near the way side: this Spectacle much Confirmed them in their Opinions of the baseness of his enterprise,

pale, whilst they there saw him tyed up to the Destiny usually attending Cowards in Despair. Where we will leave him exposed to the Eternal Infamy and Terrour of such Barbarous and Inhuman Villains; and return again to the Castle, which now resounded with nothing but the High praises of the Invincible St. Patrick.

They divided the Body of the Gyant into four Quarters, which were sent to four Principal Cities of the Realm, to be fixed on the Gates in Memory of so famous an Exploit; the Head was carried into the Castle, and fastned on a Pole over the Gate of Entrance: St. Patrick having only taken a Lock of his Beard, which he ever after wore fastned to his Plume on the Crest of his Helmet, as a Trophie of his unmatcht Valour, and undoubted Prowess.

Thus by the Courage of this Puissant Hero, was the Fair Clymena delivered from the Cruel Seige of the most Infamous Lymas, the Noble Philadon rid of his unworthy Rival, and the whole World freed from the apprehensions of the Salvage Cambagor.

That Night was spent in all the Solemnities of Rejoycing, the straightness of the time would afford, by fiering of Guns, making of Bonfiers, and Martial Consorts of their Drums and Trumpets; whilst the

Princely

Princely Clymena, with a Noble Trayn of Beautious Ladyes came to kiss the hand of her great Benefactor: The Courteous Philadon, the brave Olindarus, with the rest of the Young Lords, striving which should exceed the other in passing the highest Complements and Encomiums on so unparalleld an Adventure: The Incomparable St. Patrick with the greatest Gallantry Imaginable returned their high Carelles with this Generous Answer;

That all that had been done, and what ever else lay in his Power to perform, was but too little to shew the great Service he had for Persons of their Extraordinary Figure, and high Perfections. Adding, that what had happened, must rather be imputed to the influence of Clymena's Stars, that favoured the Justice of her Cause; so that it was Impossible an Action so glorious could fail of Success, tho attempted by a weaker hand.

In the mean time, whilest these great Heroes were entertertaining the Champion with these Rhetorical Harangues; the Servants of Clymena had made provision of a Magnificent Supper, not unsuitable to the Extraordinariness of the Occasion. The Nobles and Ladyes sitting down in the Hall, were served

ved with all the Choice Variety the greatest Pallace could Boast of; They testified their hearty Congratulation of that Dayes Success by plentiful Glasses of rich Wine, with which the Table abounded; whilst a Musical Consort of Harps and Viols fraught their Ears with this

SONG.

NOw, now the Fight's done, and the great God of War,
Lies Sleeping in Shades, and unrifles his Care;
Love Laughs at his Rest,
Whilest the Souldier Alarms;
And with Drums and with Trumpets
They Beat up to Arms;
He rides on his Lance, and the Bushes he bangs,
And his broad Bloody Sword on a Willow Tree hangs.

The Song ended; the Spatious Hall rung with another Consort, which was of Huzza's, whilst a Healths was drank round to the Famous Patrick Champion of Ireland; which he requited by beginning another to the Hospitable and Noble Lord Olindor, Father of Olinda-

Olindarus, and Uncle to Clymena; and so in Order, till a Glass had been pledged to every particular Persons health at that Noble Table. Nor were the Common Souldiers without a large share of the Bountious Entertainment of that Night; for many Vessels of Wine, and other Excellent Liquors were placed in the Court amongst them; with a great plenty of Beef, Venison, Lamb, and other Extraordinary Provision, answerable to the Grandure of the Lady of that Mansion: so that a Universal Joy diffused it self through the whole Castle, and was Legible in every face; and every Tongue thought it self not well Employed, that sounded not the High Praises of the most Famous St. Patrick, whose insuperable Courage, brave Conduct, and stupendious Success, was now become the Discourse and Wonder of all People.

This was that night (wherein the base-minded Lymas designed to have wantoned in the Ruine of Clymena's Honour; to have Tryumphed in the Overthrow of Philadon, and have made himself Lord of that Princely Castle) turned into a Jubilee for the defeat of the wretched Lymas; the slaughter of the barbarous Cambagor, and the mighty deliverance of Rhyladon, and Clymena.

They

They spent their time in Unwearied Carelles, and Brisk Entertainments, until Chanticlere had summoned the Morning to open the Portals of the East: when by Unanimous Consent, all addressed themselves to make Truce with Morpheus for the repose of some Hours, to fit them the better for the business of the Following day. Therefore conducting the renowned St. Patrick to a most Princely Apartment appointed for him, they left him to reflect on the Translactions of that day, and to thank his Stars for their happy influence.

So soon as the brave Olindarus awaked the next Morning, he might perceive the Burnished Chariot of Apollow, had ascended the Olympick Hill, almost Six hours Journey; when (willing that the Youth, which in courteous manner had attended him, should no longer be kept from their doubtful Relations; and desirous to carry home the glad Tydings of this Glorious Victory, to the concerned Olindor) he gave his Trumpets Order to give the Signal, that his Company should prepare to Horse; so that by that time they were ready, he with his young Nobles, had taken their leaves of the Generous Philadon, and the lovely Clymena, and attended the Apartment of the Worlds Wonder, St. Patrick, where kissing his hand, and receiving of him

many

many Testimonies of the great Opinion he had of them, highly applauding them for their Gallantry, in offering themselves on that Occasion in the service of the excellent Clymena: Embracing the Princely Youth Olindarus, and by him sending the most grateful acknowledgments imaginable to his Noble Host Olindor; they parted: St. Patrick accompanying them to the outer Gate of the Castle, and some of the Principal of the Gentlemen attending them some Miles on their march.

Never was the Loud Trump of Fame set in Work, on a more Wonderful Occasion, than this great Overthrow of the Dreadful Cambagor; she had almost burst her swolne Cheeks with making the sound rattle through the Welkin: So that now all the Admirers of Great and Heroick Acts, bent their Course to Clymena's Castle to pay their Homage to the more than Humane St. Patrick; whom they had much ado to forbear Adoring: Many Statues were Erected in memory of this Famous Exploit, and the mighty Champions in Forraign Parts, stood Amazed at the report of so Marvellous an Adventure. But notwithstanding, our Worthy Knight were dayly wayted on, and Congratulated by the greatest Lords of the Country, and treated with a profusion of Dainties, befitting the Grandure of the greatest Monarch: yet did none of these Charming

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Entertainments relish with our Martial Heroe, whose great Courage could not stoop to the soft Pleasures of an Easie and Effeminate Life; but putting on a resolution to give a taste of his Extraordinary Valour to remoter parts of the World, and to signalize his Prowels where-ever Fame had a Register to Record it; he went to the lovely pair Philadon and Clymena, signifying to them his Determination speedily to depart in quest of farther Honour, and to add new Trophies to his Mighty Courage.

The Fair Lovers heard their Mighty Guardian with no small trouble, considering they were now like to part with the Defendant of their Lives, the Cherisher of their Loves, and Family, and the undoubted glory of Human Race; but however submitting to his Resolution, they only requested him as he had been the happy Champion of their Affections; and had thereby enroled his own Name in the Temple of Mars; he would please to continue a few Dayes to see Theirs entred in the Temple of Hymen: and as by his Stupendious Valour he had preserved the Beauteous Clymena for her Philadon, he would afford them the farther Honour to see them Ratifie their mutual Vows, by performing the Sacred Rights. The most Complaisant Heroe granted their request, and in the mean time put all things

things in readiness for his Voyage; He hired a Ship in an adjoyning Port, and furnished it with Mariners; and all conveniencies of Victuals and other Necessaries; he sent also his Magical Armour on board, and fitted a place for his trusty Steed Crapeard (for that was his Name, as Authors notifie) likewise he sent on board divers Chests, and Trunks filled with Extraordinary rarities to an unknown Value, that had been presented him by the grateful Clymena, and her beloved Philadon.

Whilst the Renowned Patrick was thus fitting all things for his Voyage, the two Lovers had prepared themselves for the long-wisht for Nuptials; the glad Morning was come; the fair Bride was awaked with an Excellent noise of Wind-Musick, the Hymeneal Lamps were Kindled, the Virgins were ready; the Priest attended, whilst the Altar of the lofty Temple perfumed its stately Roof with Clouds of Sacred Incence. All things being ready, they proceeded in this Order:

First went twenty four Damsels in white Satten playing on Pipes, and Timbrils after the Antient manner, then twelve beautiful Boyes about twelve years of age, carrying large Candles burning of purest Virgin Wax, they were habited in Cloath of Silver, with Scarves of Pink-Colour Silk; after them the

Priest in his Miter, and Pontificallibus for that Occasion; then was the Bride Conducted by the Noble young Olindarus, and another Noble Man of Principal Quality; her Gown was of Pearl-Coloured Sattin, wrought with True-loves-knots, and Flowers of Silver; over all, a large Veil of the finest Tiffany: The young Lords were in Vests of Green Silk, richly laid with Gold lace, having white Beavors, with Curious plumes of Snow-white Feathers, tipt with Pink-colour. After her, followed a fair train of Young Ladies of Principal Quality, in dresses Extraordinary rich, wherein the skill of the best-famed Taylers had been Employed, being attended with many little Pages in very proper Liveries, each wearing according to the Device and Phancy of his Mistress. After these, came the Princely Bridegroom in a belt of Sky-coloured Sattin curiously Embroidered with Silver and Pearl; having on his Breast a Golden Harp set with Diamonds, after the Order of St. Patrick, who had bestowed that on him as a Badge in Memory of the Irish Champion that slew the Gyant; on one shoulder he had cast a Pearl-coloured Mantle wrought with hearts, and Roses of Gold: he was supported by two Beautiful Maidens of Noble descent, in Vestures of Lemon-colour, and Carnation Silk, made somwhat short, that their

Satten

Satten Buskens might appear, which were of Carnation Satten Embroidered, and set with Silver Bells: On their Heads they had Tyara's of Feathers, of Skie, White, and Pink-colour: after them came the Noble Old Lord Olindor, Uncle to the Bride, and on his Right hand the Most Renowned Champion St. Patrick, being followed by a very Honourable Company of Young Lords and Gentlemen of principal Quality: Divers Chariots and Coaches attended, wherein after the Ceremony was performed, this Princely Company placed themselves; and in great Pomp and Admirable Order returned to the Castle, which from this time we must call Philadons.

Nothing imaginable was Omitted, that might express the Bounty of the Bridegroom, and his Bride, or the high Welcom of the Noble Guests. The Bells rung at the Temple, the Trumpets Ecchoed on the Castle walls, the Hall resounded with Musical Instruments; and after the Second Course had been served at Table, this Song was Sung to a well-tuned Consort of Lutes, in praise of the Fair Bride.

SONG.

HAil to the Mirtle Shades,
All Hail to the Nimphs of the Field,
Kings cannot here invade,
Nor Virtue her Freedom yeild;
Beauty now opens her Arms,
To soften her Languishing mind,
And Phillis unlocks her Charmes,
Ah! Phillis, Ah! why so kind?

Phillis the Soul of Love,
The Joy of the Neighbouring Swains,
Phillis that Crowns the Grove,
And Phillis that guilds the Plains;
Phillis that ne'er had the Skill
To Paint, or to Patch, or be Fine,
Yet Phillis whose Eyes can kill,
Whom Nature had made Divine.

Phillis whose Charming Tongue
Makes Labour, and Pain a delight;
Phillis that makes the day Young,
And shortens the Live-long Night;
Phillis whose Lips like May
Still laugh at the sweets that they bring,
Where Beauty knows no decay,
But Sits with Eternal Spring.

Whilst their Ears were thus delighted with divers sorts of Excellent Musick, plentiful Healths of Noble Wine went round the Table, after that of the new-made Husband and Wife; a large Bumper was Consecrated to the Health of their ever Famous Patron and Champion the Heroick St. Patrick, accompanied with loud Acclamations in acknowledgment of his Memorable Adventure in the Destruction of the Monster Cambagor. Thus with Dances and other Diversions suitable to the Occasion, they spent the Night; whilst the Noble Philadon, and beautious Clymena withdrew to their Bridal Chamber, there to taste those more refined delights that were to Crown that Festival. The rest of the Company, as they saw occasion, retiring to their respective Dormitories.

No sooner had the Glorious Charioter of the Spheres the next Morning with his refulgent beams guilded the tops of the Mountaines, and opened a most pleasant prospect over the Fertil Plains; but our St. Patrick, the true Mirrour of brave Chivalry left the soft repose of his downy Pillow; and tyred with the un-souldierly delights of an Idle Luxury; his Martial Soul set forward in pursuit of those Noble Glories, that must give a farther Honour to his Renowned Shield, and set the Pupils of Pernassus on

work, to erect Collums to his high Hailes. So that he presently gave order to his Page to fit his Horse with a suit of Extraordinary rich Furniture that had been presented him (amongst many other Rarities) by Clymena; he had on a stately Coat of Male, a Collet & Beavor of Gold, with a large Silk-white Plume, having tyed to it the lock of Cambagors Beard, a Scarf of Carnation Sallnet, whereon, by the Art of a curious Needle, were lively Expressed Gyants heads Embellished with Gold: This was likewise presented by the Noble Bride; for as we told you before, St. Patrick had sent his Enchanted Armour, with other Curiosities on board his Ship. Being thus Equipped, he came to bid farewel to the Gallant Bridegroom; and Beautious Bride, who had dressed themselves sooner than ordinary that Morning to take their Leave of our Famous Champion; the Old Lord Olindor, and his Son the brave Olincarus were likewise ready to pay their parting respects to him: So that coming all together into the Hall, they there passed such mutual Compliments, as were agreeable to such a Season: Then the Princely Hero departed in order to take his Horse, but that was prevented by the ever Courteous Olindor, who had ordered his Chariot to be ready that he might accompany the Admired Patrick

trick on his was to the Port, all the Gallants waited on him to the Gate, and Philadon & Clymena had likewise their Chariot ready to have born him Company, but he would by no means permit it; so that compelling them to tarry behind, they there took their last leave of him; only the Young Olindarus accompanied his Aged Father, who having placed our Champion at his right hand, made his Man ride until he had brought St. Patrick over a Bridge five Miles on his way; where alighting they embraced, and gave each other the most hearty Testimonies of an Inviolable Friendship; Here our Matchless Knight Mounting his own Horse (which had been led by his Page) took his direct way to the Port, whilest the Noble Olindor and his Son returned to the Castle of Philadon.

Early in the Evening they arrived at the Port, and presently went on Board; and finding the wind favourable, forthwith hoisted Sail for the Coast of Greece, where we must now trace our Famous Patrick doing such wonders as would puzle any but a Romantick Faith. Neptune had now with his Trident smoothed the tangled Curles of Thetis Billows, the surface of the Deep had put on such an even level, as might invite the Halcion to build; her Mountainous Waves were so depressed, as if the Watry

God had paved a way over her Rugged Channel for the Vessel of so great a Champion to pass smoothly on; the Sturgeons, Dolphins, with other the Scally Inhabitants, danced and played about the Ship; as being glad a Knight, the wonder of the Land, should Honour their Element with his Renowned burthen: The surly Emperour of the Eolean Cave had likewise mustled his Roaring Blusterers, so that there seemed to be an Amicable truce between the Airy and the Watry Regions: Never was obtained such a serenity since the enraged Neptune hurl'd the Loud-Tongued Troops from his Briny Dominions, when they assaulted the Trojan Theistain.

But as usually, the greatest Successes are attended with some Crosis and disasterous Accidents; and the Shining Planet Phebus having performed his daily task, his resplendent Rays, give place to the shades of Gloomy Darkness, and the sad solitudes of the succeeding Night: So this Glorious Tranquility met with a Misfortune, not unusually attending those that Travel on the Vast Watery Desart. For having now passed several days in an undisturbed Quietude, they at last met with a very strange Adventure, which happened in this sort.

Passing by an Island remote from any Continent, a mighty Whale, the Gyant of the

the Ocean, met their Vessel, which being of no great Bulk, and the Night such, as they discerned not the approach of so Potent a Foe, suddenly putting her self under one side of the Ship, Violently Overthrew it in the Sea; so that, but few of the men were saved beside the Famous Patrick, his Page Mac, and five others, who being not far from the shore, made a shift to get to the Island, where with much bitterness they endured the Wet and Cold of the Night, untill the next Morning; when casting their Eyes to the place of the miserable Wreck, they espyed the Overthrown Vessel floating on the Water, and the huge Whale still plying her self about it; whereat, the Enraged Champion taking up a keen stone from the Sea side, Flang it with such force at the Whale, that it cut a large wound through his side, whereat issued such abundance of Blood as stained the Water a great wayes round the Place; the Beast finding her self sorely wounded (as the Nature of the Whale is) made to the Shore, and cast her self on the Sands not far from the place where St. Patrick was; where wanting Water to carry her off, she in little time dyed for want of her own Element: Our Champion and his Men dividing the Vast Body into divers parts, got it so far on Land, as was beyond the power of the Sea to fetch her

her off again. Amidst the Horrour of their present Disaster, it was a little relief to consider that the Fatal work of their overthrow should so soon, and by so strange means receive Punishment for the Irreparable injury. But what can resist the hand of St. Patrick, when the Monsters of the Land and Sea, fall before his Mighty Puissance?

CHAP. VI.

How St. *Patrick* recovered his Vessel, the Miracle of his Horse *Crapearo*, and what happened in the farther prosecution of his Voyage to *Greece*.

WHilst our Ship-wrackt Passengers were in great thoughtfulness how they should get off the Island, and prosecute the designed Voyage; there being on the place, no Inhabitant, nor any Convenience that could give them any hope of a suppply for their Necessities; whilst some of them even wisht they had been drowned with their Fellows, for fear of the miseries they were like farther to suffer: Our matchless Hero, both by the example of his admirable Patience, and the great bravery of his Courageous speeches, so heartned them, that it seemed, as if he had convey'd

a new Soul into their Bodyes; such Vertues doth the very presence of a Valiant man infuse, even into very Cow-heads; but he that never knew what it was, to fear, thought it could be of no use to him now; besides, it would argue a great Pusilanimity of Soul, which would ill become a Person cut out to be famous to all Posterity. Whilst therefore he was sweetning his fellow sufferers with the most Sugar'd Exhortations he could on the suddain invent, and in which (too) he was very dexterous; so the kind waves (relenting the loss of so Famous a Champion had on their Element) threw the Wreck so near to the shoar, that they could lay hold on some of the Tackling; when our never-enough-Admired Patrick, letting both hands with all his might to the Stern, turned the Vessel clear upon her Keel; But you must imagine, the falling back of the Water, helped much towards the effecting thereof: But Alas! if there had been no water at all, it could not have been impossible for him to perform; with whom Miracles were as common, as for us to put on and off our Cloaths. The Seamen seeing this Wonder of his Sex, had again put them in a possibility of Saving themselves, soon got upon the Deck, and looking into the Hold, they might there discern the None-such Crapeard still alive: For you must know, that the

Whale

Whale had cast the Vessel into such a posture, that the water could not get in, because all the Hatches and Port-holes where the Air might get out, were stopped; and so the Ship remained like a woodden Bowl, reversed on a Tub of Water, which because the Air is pent in, keeps out the other Element; some of the Seamen too, which they thought had perished, were found alive under the Hatches, to the exceeding Comfort of St. Patrick, and the rest of their Ships Company: But our poor Crapearo was somewhat battered on his Cheek, Side, and Thigh, by the turning of the Vessel; when St. Patrick, only smoothing his hand over it, it presently grew whole, and Skin and Hair came on it in the same instant; so that there was no sign of any hurt had been there.

Then viewing the Trunks and Chests wherein the Noble Champions Rich Habiliments were packed, they found they had received no damage at all; and though the Magical Sword had lain in the Water, yet such was the Vertue of it, that it preserved from Rust, and had no apparent injury: But yet one Principal Thing was missing; for the Victuals being stowed in one of the upper Decks, where the Hatches were open, they were all fallen out, and carryed away by violence of the water, so that there was not so much as a Cheese, a dish of Pease, a piece

of

of Beef or Pork left, only a Barrel of Biskets remained, that had been stowed in the Purlers Cabin.

This now began to be a new Extremity, for the day was pretty far spent, in Toyling about the Ship, to set her again at Rights, and with the extream Cold, and Mischance of the Foregoing Night, they were in a very Faint Condition; and now again began to conclude all Lost; when St. Patrick Luckily casting his Eye to the Land, might perceive a Beast at a distance, resembling a Woolf, and as he thought, carrying a Sheep in his

mouth; whereat he forthwith got to Shore, taking

king with him his Trusty Sword, and resolving to make the Beast part with her Prey to him: But O Wonderful! no sooner was this Gallant Knight come on Land, but the Woolf made towards him, moving her Tail in seeming Kindness, and fawning upon him, layd the Sheep at his feet, without offering any the least Violence to our mighty Champion; then inclining her head to the ground, she cast out of her mouth the Quarters of a Lamb, which she had newly killed, and it seems brought there for the Entertainment of these Travellers: So having done her Errand, the Woolf departed to her Den. This Relation may perhaps puzle some Incredulous People, but those who were acquainted with the Irish Patron, know, that when he was a Boy, and kept his Aunts Flock, he would ordinarily make the VVoolves restore the Lambs they had taken from her Fold.

Thus by the Assistance of this Famous Man, were the poor fainting Sea-men once more in a prospect of somewhat to allwage their Hunger; but now (as if Nature had made defects on purpose, that the Famous Patrick might supply them,) there was not one stick of Wood to be found on the whole Island; so that unless they should make a Fire of their Ships-Tackling, they could have nothing to Broil their Meat: Wherefore the Vigilant

Champi-

Champion searching about, came at last to a Pond of Water, which was Frozen over by the extream Cold of the Season: therefore ordering his Men to make up the Ice, they fell to Work upon it; and as it broke, it splitted into gads and pieces, like Billets of Wood; whereat, the Hero laying some of them together, and rubbing them with the point of his Sword, they immediately took Fire, and burnt like slates of Deal, or Scotch-Coal; by which they soon Roasted their Mutton, and Lamb, and Boyled several pieces of the Fish, out of which came such abundance of Oyl, as served them for Dripping and Sauce for their other Meat.

The Servants of St. Patrick being Fed, and Replenished, began now to conclude, that it was impossible for them to want any thing whilest they were with such a Master, that could make the Sea cast him up Fish, the Wolves provide him Flesh, and the Water to yield him Fire; so that now being revived with Victuals, and such Considerations, they lustily apply themselves to fit their Vessel for her farther Voyage, resolving not to desert so notable a Master, even in the most hazardous Adventures.

In few days, by their great Industry, the Ship was again fitted for her Voyage; but then, not knowing, how long it might be before

they might come at a place to Victual, and having as yet no further supply, but what the Care, and Wondrous Fortune of St. Patrick daily provided for them, they therefore besought him not to Adventure on an unknown Sea, until there were some probability for their subsistence; adding, they might with less appearance of Danger, continue on the Island, where they had found Food, than trust the merciless Ocean, where it would be impossible for them to live, without a store of Provision. But the Mirrour of Knighthood, St. patrick, made them this Reply: That it would ill become the Gods, whose Champion he was, not to make provision for him, whilst he was in pursuit of such Glorious Atchievements as should make Altars be reared to them; and their Temples resound with the loud Praises of his mighty Chivalry: That they did very ill to distrust the benignity of his Stars, having had so late proof of the great Success which always attends *Heroick* minds, since even all the Elements Conspire to serve them. That he had met with no opposition from productions purely vulgar, or in the common course of Nature; for they saw that even the most Salvage and Ravening Woolves (contrary to their Natural disposition) Ministred to him: but the danger he had met withal, was only from Monsters, and those th

Mightie

Mightiest Products of the Land, and Water; Both which notwithstanding had paid their Lives a Tribute to his Knightly Valour. Then looking on them with a chearful Countenance, and somwhat raising his Voice. Courage (said he) my Mates; you shall see the never failing Fortune that attend Gallant Minds.

So carrying on board that small Portion of Food they had left, they with great resolution Embarked, and put again to Sea; being Incouraged by the brave Expressions and high Courage of their Valiant Leader.

But now the Crols Fates had their Game to play, which they did to their utmost, all the Evil and Malignant Aspects assisting; to break (if possible) the Victorious success of this Invincible Champion: For you must understand the Island they were under was Scituate in a Climate under the Dominion of Evil Spirits, by which only it was Inhabited: all the Familiars of the Famous Magicians, Wizzards, Conjurers, and Witches had Resort hither; here they kept their Rendezuous and general Councils; to which many times they invited those of Lappland, and Finnland as Assistants: But none of these Furies durst shew themselves, or give the least signification of their being there, whilst our great Hero

was on the shore; knowing that by the Mighty Virtue of his Sword, they must all have been dispersed, their Charmes dissolved; and their Kingdom destroyed; therefore they entertained him with a great Serenity whilst on the Land: But now having got him on the Watry Stage, they resolve to shew all their Wallice, to joyne all their Force, and employ all their Hellish Arts towards his overthrow.

Scarce were they got three Leagues from the shore, before the Little primace was surrounded with Shoales of Witchy Syrens, dancing on the top of the Water, combing their blew Locks, and Singing their Ominous Notes; which were Intended for the Funeral dirges and Exequies of the great Patrick, and his Ships-Company.

Many of which seemed strangely pleased at the Novelty of the sight; till the Sea Rising, the Waves clashing, the Billowes Roaring, the Skie Darkened, and Flashing with Tremendeous Fireballs, convinced them, that these Watry Nimphs were the unlucky forerunners of most destructive Tempests. Now indeed was the face of things altered to the greatest disadvantage; the Air was so pitchy-black with the horrid vizour drawn over the Horizon that they could scarce discerne one the other, unless sometime by the Flashes of Lightening; which made

made the sturdy Axel-tree to crack again with its loud roaring Thunder, The trembling Vessel was kickt about on the Surges like a Foot-ball in Tuttle-Fields; sometimes mounted to the Clouds, by and by sink down between watry Mountains, that seem'd on every side to be tumbling in upon her; the Keell crackt, the main-Mast was broken, and the Seamen now reduced to desperation; that they could have been content to drown for fear of farther Danger; Only the undaunted Champion amidst all this disorder stood with his unconquerable Sword drawn, as if he would Challenge Neptune, and all the Gods of the Ocean; no more was he dismayed at the rolling of the Sea, then if he had been at Olindors Table; but like a Son of true Valour had his Courage most Elevated in the lowest Ebb of Adversity, and casting a Magnanimous Aspect on the insulting Billows; Proud Waves (said he) think not by your loud clamour, and impetuous noise to daunt him that values not all the Violence of Misfortune; for were I astride on one your curled backs, my great Soul should so buoy me up, that I would despise a Squardron of Tritons, or a Troop of your Gygantick Leviathans. Still the noise of the Tumultuous Air grew Lowder, and was augmented by the shrieks and cryes of divers friendly Spirits

which surrounded the Ship; and casting his Eye towards the misen Mast, our Patrick espied the Spirit of the great Sorcerels Kalyb, his old Adversary; she indeed was the main raiser of all this horrid Tempest; for no sooner had she perceived the dissolver of her Magical Charmes set foot on that unlucky Island; but straight she whispers among all the Demons, what extraordinary Person our Famous Hero was; How belov'd by the Gods, and brought into the World under such an Aspect, as would certainly make him Victorious over all that oppose him: He hath already (continued she) ruined me, and destroyed my Magical Empire: But let us try what our united Forces can do towards his Overthrow, that our Infernal Kingdom may no more be over-mastred by his proud Successes.

Thus having said, they all consented to endeavour the drowning of our Mighty Champion on the Ocean: But no sooner had he espied the shade of the Hellish Kalyb; but fixing his piercing Eye upon her Airy form: Base Hagg (quoth he) and hast thou yet such interest in the lower World, that thou canst suborn and raise such Violence against Humane race; Know, that I Patrick have determined thy final overthrow, and by the power of this Sword (whose force thou hast already

already felt) I conjure thee not to ſtir from that place, until my vertuous Hand ſend thy Fantaſtick form into the Empty Aire. Thus ſaid he, ordered his Men to hoiſt him up to the Maſt, where being drawn up by the Tackling, and Elevated juſt of a heigth even with the Spectre of the Witch, he let drive a blow with his Inchanted Sword, that you might have ſeen the Spirit ſplit in two parts, which immediatly vaniſhed into the Air, and diſſolved it ſelf in a Pillar of Smoaky Atoms: All the other Demons with hideous yells and infernal noiſes, leaving the Veſſel to purſue her Voyage.

CHAP. VII.

St. *Patricks* Adventures in the *Grecian* and *Eaſtern* Countries.

NO ſooner were theſe Goblins diſperſed, but the Sky was ſo clear, you could not diſcern the ſign of a Cloud; the Ocean was as ſmooth as a Billiard Table, and all things appeared as if there had been no Storm at all; the very Maſts and Shrouds which ſeemed to have been broken, were on ſearch found ſound, and without defect: Only the Seamen paſſing through ſo many Scenes of

Miracles were almost Petrifyed with wonder. Now might you see the proud Frigat sliding o're the smiling Main, before the easie blast of a gentle gale, viewing her stately Masts, and glittering Sterne in the Chrystal Flood, whilst Silver-Whitings, Enammell'd Salmons, and broad Turbants, of their owne accord presented themselves on the deck to feast the Princely Champion, to whom Neptune seemed to have resigned the Dominion of the Sea. Nor was the Lord of the Airy Region behind hand with his presents to our Valiant Hero, for Duck, Teal, and Widgeon, with all other sorts of Water Fowle came to the Ship in such abundance, that they were forced to cast many of them over into the Sea.

Now entering the Mediteranian Sea, they passed by the Rich Countryes of Spain, Italy, and the Coast of Barbary; and putting into one of the Ports belonging to the Kingdom of Naples, they furnished their Ship with such Necessaries as they stood in need of; and then continued their Voyage towards the Archipellago: where meeting with two great Gallies belonging to the Turkish Port, they were saluted with a Thundring Broad-Side from the first, which laid the Main-Mast flat upon Deck; so that it was in vain to hope by flight to Escape their fury: But had the Vessel had all her Whings, the great Patrick

trick who never knew what 'twas to turn his back upon danger; bravely animated his men to a Noble defence, assuring them, if once the Turks came to Grapple with him, they should dearly pay for the damage they had sustained by them; then the other Gally coming up, Gaulled the other side of our Champions Ship with showres of small shot; but they found not the brave Irish Knight ungratefull to any of their Attacques; for he so well played his Port-holes, that he might perceive divers breaches his shot had made in the huge sides of their large Gallies; besides, many of their men that had been laid upon Deck by his Musquets: The brave resistance that our Noble Chevalier made, striking no small Terrour into the Turkish Commanders; who being much incensed to see two great Gallies so defeated by a small Friggot; one of them with furious resolution clapping on his grapling Irons, endeavoured to board the ship of our Noble Patrick, but was prevented by his Courage: for no sooner perceived he that the vessels were linked together, but forthwith with a Courage Exceeding all but himself, he leapt on Board the Turk, and in little time had covered the Deck, with Bodies that were mowed down like stubble by his Victorious Sword; then seeing the way clear to the Captain, he made up to him with such brave-

ry, that the Infidel, was going to deliver him his Cimeter; Know base Dogg (said the mighty Patrick) That thy Fawning shall not so Reconcile me to thy Bestial Submission, but I will send thy black Soul, to tell those that are sent before thee, that thy Brutish Cruelties, have received their just Recompence at my Unconquerable Hand. And at that word giving him a downright blow upon the Head, he broke his Cimeter, with which he endeavoured to defend himself, and parted his Head in two parts just in the midst; so that one half falling on the right shoulder, and the other on the left; and in this Posture carried them into the other World, as a double Trophy to the Valour of St. Patrick. The remaining few in that Gally seeing the Fate of their Leader, and fellow Souldiers, fell at his feet, beseeching him to spare their Contemptible Lives, that they might make known among their Country men, the High Praises due to his Inimitable Valour. His generous Heat being pacified with their humble Submissions, easily was prevailed upon to give them their worthless Lives: Then securing them under one of their own Hatches; he turned to see what was become of the other Gally; but her Commander seeing the Fate of his Brother Pyrate, had wisely Conveyed his Vessel so far out of the Storm, that it being near Night,

and

and St. Patricks Vessel much disabled, he thought not fit at that time to make after Her: but ordering his men to take notice of what loss had hapned amongst the Turks, they found that two Hundred and Eighty had fallen by the alone hand of St. Patrick, besides the Captain: which Bodies having been thrown over Board, they returned to Examine the Value of their Prize, which could not well be Computed, she being most Richly Loaden with abundance of Silks; besides great store of Gold, Pearl, and Spices. The greatest part whereof, he like a Generous Captain distributed amongst his Souldiers, the better to Incourage them in another Difficulty; and counting his own Loss, he found but one of his men Killed, and three Wounded; so that reckoning the many Slain and Wounded in that other Sally that went off, this will appear to be as strange a Victory as perhaps any Story makes mention of.

The greatest part of that Night was spent in unloading the Sally, by taking out the Choicest Goods, and Stowing them in their own Frigat; so that by the next morning they had little to do but to fit their Vessel the best they could for the remainder of their Voyage; which began now to shorten. They had a reserve on Board for such Accidents, and in little time had fitted on new Shrouds, mended their Sails,

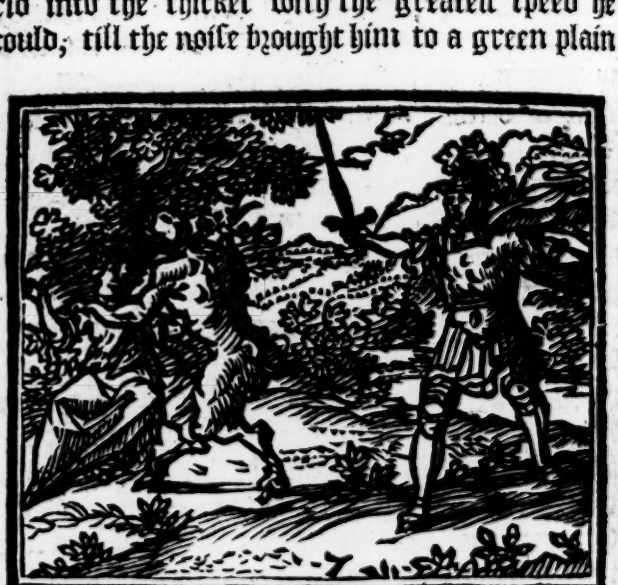
and

and repaired the Mast: So leaving the Gally to the conduct of the few Slaves that remained in her, They made with all the Sail they could to the Country of Greece, and in few weeks came in sight of the Isle of Chios; and makeing to the Harbour, they spent some dayes there; in disposeing of such Commodities as they thought good to part with; and furnishing them with such Necessaries as they stood in need of. Here likewise they met with some English Merchant, by whom they sent home word of their safe Arrival on that Coast, and of the strange Adventures performed by the famous St. Patrick by the way. Departing from Chios, the Heroick Champion continued his Resolution for the Continent of Grecia; intending by Land to Travel to the Mighty City build by the Great Constantine of England, of the which place, that Age talked Wonders; so in few days Arriving at——a Port of Dalmatia; he took a Lodging for himself and his Page Mac, providing a convenient stable for Crapiero, of whom you have heard nothing a long time, the wooden Horse having been in his stead: but now we have brought our Knight on shore, we shall have occasion to mention him in our Travels. St. Patrick having Landed such principal things as he most esteemed; freely gave the Vessel, with the rest of the Cargo, to the Seamen; who, notwithstanding

standing they met with so great a Booty at leaving their great Master; (whose bounty was as his Valour, above the rest of Mankind) yet could they not part with him without many Tears; protesting that their Captains presence was more valued by them than the Riches of the Indies, nay, dearer than their own Lives: So great impression had his high Courage made, even in men of so low a make; notwithstanding, in Obedience to his Command, here they parted.

The ever-Famous Patrick having stayed some time in this Harbour, one Morning very early departed, as soon as the light gave leave; this he did, that the Rabble might not pass their Censures on the goodness of his Horse, the richness of his Armour; or the Gallantry of his Equipage. They Journied several dayes through the pleasantest parts of that once happy Country, beside stately Vineyards, Groves of Olives, and Oranges, Fragrant Myrtles.: Silver Streams, and Fountains, once Consecrated to the Muses; at last passing through the pleasant Fields of Tempe in Thessalia, of which the Antient Greeks Sung so sweetly: The Native Beauty and Freshness of the place invited him to sit down under the shade of a Spicy Myrtle, whilst Mac led the Horses at a distance; so-dainly he heard a lamentable cry in the adjacent

jacent Wood, which seemed to pierce the very Air; upon which calling for his Horse, he rid into the thicket with the greatest speed he could, till the noise brought him to a green plain



by a River, where a Monstrous Satyr with two heads was attempting the Chastity of a Beautious Young Lady; who having no company but her maid, was diverting her self in the pleasant solitariness of that place: Our Knight presently made up to the Monster; who with his hideous Roaring seemed as if he called more of like sort to his Succour; but St. Patrick pressing upon him, the Satyr gave him a wound with his sharp Horns, be-

twixt

twixt the Armour and the saddle bow; whereat our Knight giving him a mighty blow on the neck betwixt his two Heads, that parted his body into two equal halves; the Heads roared, and made a noise for some time after, but could not avoid falling before the Invincible Sword of St. Patrick. This being Finished, he returned to the Damsel, enquiring wherein he might further serve her: She told him he could do her no greater Honour, than that night to lodg at her Fathers House, that she might shew him her Heroick Benefactor: so passing out of the Thicket, they came to a small Lodg, where a Chariot wayted for the Lady, on whom our Champion wayted to the Basha's Palace; who was her Father, and about two Miles from that place. The Bashaw welcomed the Princly Stranger with all the Gallantry of the Turkish Court, having heard from his Daughter of the Wonderful manner; and with what more than Human Courage, he had saved her from the Cruel Satyr; The Bashaw being sent for to be at Constantinople in three dayes; besought our Hero to go with him; that he might shew unto the Sultan the most undoubted Chevalier in the World. This request of the Bashaw's was so agreeable to St. Patricks resolution, that without any previous Complement he accepted of it; and the next Morning they departed to that Imperial City; and

in

in three dayes arrived at the Seraglio, where the Bashow presented our Famous Champion to the Grand Seignior; who was much in Love with his Knightly Person, a great admirer of his Armour; and especially of his Horse Crapiero, who by the Conduct of his Master won many Races, and Turnaments from the most Famous Chevaliers in the Ottoman Court.

CHAP. VIII.

How St. *Patrick* fought with the huge *Tartarian Bembo*, and overcame him.

OUR Champion had not rested long at the Grand Seigniors Court, when (the Fame of his former Atchievments being spread over the World) A Monstrous Tartar arrived also at Constantionople, where he tarried certain dayes, bidding defiance to all the Knights about the Court, but none durst adventure to accept of his Challenge; wherefore hearing of a Stranger lately arrived, who was Famous for Chivalry, he sends his Lacquey early in the Morning to St. Patricks Lodging with a Challenge; who when he knocked at the door, Mack lets him in, and asks

asks his business; he answered, that his business was with his Master, that he had a Letter for him, from the Great and Famous Bembo, which required a present answer. Well sayes Mack, if you please to let me have the letter, and you shall have the answer anon; which he did. Mack carryes the Letter to his Master being in bed, who when he had opened it, he found the Extent of it to Thus:

Renowned Knight,

HEaring of the great Fame, which by thy Gallantry thou hast acquired in all places where thou hast been in this part of the World; I desire to be further informed, as to the Truth of it; and knowing nothing so Satisfying in this Point, as Experience; I have sent you this Challenge, that to Morrow Morning you may meet me well Armed in the List, before the Seraglio; where your Valour shall be fully tryed by

Bembo.

St. Patrick no sooner had read the Challenge, but he called for Pen, and Ink, and returned this Answer.

Unknown

Unknown Knight,

FOR ſo I muſt call you, being altogether a Stranger to you; ſince you are pleaſed to paſs ſo many worthy Knights in Greece, and to expreſs your deſire of putting your Valour to tryal with me, to Morrow in the Liſt before the Seraglio; I heartily accept, both of the Time and Place, with this proviſo, that the Grand Segniors leave be obtained to it; which I my ſelf ſhall endeavour to procure: Whereas you ſay that my Valour ſhall be fully tryed, it muſt be Deeds, and not Words that ſhall do it; however expect to be there looked for by

Patrick.

Our Champion no ſooner diſpatched the Meſſenger, but preſently he makes his Application to the Grand Segnior (whom he found walking in his Garden with a great train of Courtiers) in theſe words; Moſt Renowned Monarch, The Report that Fame hath made of thy Greatneſs, and the magnificence of thy Court over all the World, hath invited me hither, and now I lye under a Challenge from a Stranger, who was ſo bold

as

as to appoint the Lists before your Majesties Seraglio, the place of our Rancounter (without so much as asking your Majesties leave); but for my part, I have been more Civilly Educated; therefore (am I come now to prostrate my self at your Imperial Feet, hoping that for the Love you have to Chivalry, and your Royal Favors shewed to Strangers, and particularly to my self, we may be permitted to morrow morning to try our Fortune in the foresaid Lists. The Emperor asked him what the Knight was that thought himself able to Enter the Lists: Why may it please your Majesty, saith he, I know no more of him as yet, but only that he subscribeth himself Bembo, which I suppose is his Name; whereupon, the grand Segnior seemed extreamly concerned, telling him, that he greatly feared the Event: For saith he, the Bembo is rather a Gyant than an ordinary man, and has been a long time in Greece, and Challenged many, but none of all our Knights durst answer him, except two; And what then, he plaid as a Cat would do with a Mouse, so great was the disparity in the strength: I am not in any respect afraid of him, answered he: If he should borrow the strength of a Rock, and the Courage of a Lyon, ile venture all, so that I may have your Majesties Consent as to the place appointed. With all my heart (answered

the Emperour) and taking the Champion by the hand, I know saith he, thou art one whose Sword hath brought thy Fame from the ends of the Earth, and now when the Pretious Jewel (your Honour) should in the least be stained in our Court, I would choose to forgo infinite Treasures; yet I am not out of hopes, but will make the Knight feel the weight of thine. I doubt it not in the least (replyed the other) for I think every hour a day till I see him.

St. Patrick having obtained the Emperours Licence, with so great Expressions of Kindness besides; he presently Retired to his Lodging, gave orders to Mac to have a special care that Capriero should be well fed that night, for that he was to be put to Task next morning: Trusty Mac neglected nothing that could be for his Masters Interest and Advantage, roused up Capriero with such things as he had provided for him, so that by his Prauncing and Bouncing, he had almost broke down the Stable, none being able to Command him, but his Master alone.

No sooner began the Chirping Birds to Celebrate the approaching shining of bright Aurora, but our Champion began to make ready for the work of the day; and about eight a Clock, he presented himself in the Lists, clad in his Rich Glittering Armour upon his stately

Praun-

Prauncing Steed, expecting the Emperors coming, who about an hour after appeared from his Royal Pallace, with a Magnificent Train of Knights and Ladyes in great Splendor: the Emperor having sate upon a Throne erected for the purpose, and all the Princes and Ladyes being placed according to their Rank; They began with wonder to view the Stately Champion who was upon Horse-back within the Lists; greatly admiring his Stately Body, his Amiable Features, and Graceful Meen, wishing heartily that he might be Victor. As they were thus taken up with him, behold the fierce Tartar entred the List, with Innumerable Tokens of Incomparable Valour, which made many fear how it would go with the Comely Knight, (for so they called St. Patrick.) But the Pagan coming up close to him, said,

Now Knight, seeing the time for trying thy Valour with Deeds, is come, there is no reason to delay it, but in the nameing of the Judge; since one of us must of necessity remain for ever Breathless in the Field, therefore I would know whom you would nominate for Judge. That question is needless in many respects (replyed the other) nevertheless I appoint the Emperor himself, who sits there for Judge. I had not thought thy Pride so great (said the Pagan) but

since it is so, I am content that the Emperor be judg to them I intend to present thy Head before I leave the Lists.

The furious Champion thought it no time to trifle any longer with the Barbarous Savage, therefore they turned their Horses, swifter than two light Gallies carried with the force of their full wind blown Sailes, met in the end of their Courses, breaking their Launces to Shivers without moving in their Saddles. So drawing their glittering Swords, they ran like Lyons one upon another, laying on such blowes as that every one that lookt on, thought they were the last. Great abundance of Blood issued from both their Armour, but most from the Pagans; for though the strength of his Armour defended his Body in some parts of it from Wounding, yet the Combat had not lasted an hour, when he found himself so bruised and tyred, that he could hardly keep his Saddle, which made him in a raging Fury Assault St. Patrick, thrusting at him with a Poin with such Force, that he laid him along upon his Saddle; this he seconded with a terrible blow upon his Breast, before he could recover himself, which made him almost quite senseless. With more ravening Fury turn'd the raging Tygre upon his Foe, than no did our Champion; for casting his own Shield

his back, he discharged such a blow on his Adversaries, that he clave it quite asunder; then with renewed Force, did they close one with another, with such Rage, that both Horses and Riders tumbled to the ground; yet had they scarcely touched the ground when both were on their feet again. The Pagan having recovered some Breath, with fresh strength he assaulted his Adversary, thrusting at him with such Force, that made him yeeld a little ground; yet not so much but that he could reach him with such a blow upon the Thigh, as made him tremble: Abundance of blood streaming from it; whereupon the Pagan abandoning all Fear, Recloled with him, and with one stroak, cut away his Male-sleeve, drawing much blood after it: This greivous blow he thought to have seconded with such another as would end the Controversy with our Champions Life, but he found himself much mistaken; for the other being sensible that his Armour was much weakned, resolved to make strength and courage his Armour; therefore with his Sword he gave the Pagan such a blow upon the Shoulder, that he made the blood gush out in great measure. The fight is now as it were begun afresh, such Strength and Valor appeared on both sides, that the beholders were so pollest with admiration, that they almost thought it a Dream; for the Combat continued four hours

without any rest; therefore with mutual consent, they parted a little to breath: St. Patrick having sate down in a Chair that was set for him of the purpose, he began to recount with himself, with how little success he had fought all that while, his Enemy having as yet as good a prospect of the Victory with himself; therefore he presently starts up upon his Feet, assaulting his Enemy, who was ready for him, with such terrible fury, that both almost came to the Ground together; then they clasped one another about the middle, and began to wrestle like two Gyants; but their strength was so equal, that none of them could get his Adversary thrown down, which made them again betake them to their Swords; then the Spectators observing St. Patrick to have the better, began to shout for Joy. But the Impatient Pagan Cursing and Blaspheming against his Gods, as thinking that this disgrace proceeded from them, run upon his Enemy, and with both hands let fly at him such a blow, that lighting on the side of his Helme, he cut away all the Bucklers on the right side.

Now our Champion finding that all the parts of his Armor were thus rendred useless to him, thought it was no time to linger; therefore with his Sword in both hands, he assaulted his Enemy; who in the same manner

ner received him, and with more horror then the furious Waves bent upon the Flinty Rock, they discharged their blows upon their Helmets, so that they both fell senseles to the ground, St. Patrick without his Helm, but the other with his Head, Skull and Brains broken, and scattered within his Helm. Some would have gone to them, but were not permitted by the Guard, till it were seen, what the effects of their Trance must be; but straight was the Victory proclaimed, for the Valiant St. Patrick recovering himself looked for his Enemy; but finding to lye, went to him and unlacing his Helm, saw that he was quite dead: Then addressing himself to the Emperour, and to the rest of the Judges, demanded whether he had performed the Action to his Honour. One in the Emperors name, replyed thus, Valiant Knight, The great Souldan, with all the rest of the Judges and Spectators, commanded me to tell you, That your Atchievments this day, have been such, as shall be enough to perpetuate your memory in this place for ever. May, this was not all, for the Emperour himself, with all his Train came to the place to receive the Victorious Knight; to him he spake thus; Valiant Knight, The force of your Armes hath this day purged our Court from the Aspersions, which otherwise it should undoubtedly lye under,

by the daily Bravadoes of that insolent Knight; ask what thou pleasest in compensation of thy Valour, and it shall forthwith be granted. To whom our Champion replyed, Renowned Monarch, I reckon my self highly honoured, in that your Greatness condescends to look upon this Service as done for the honour of Thy Court, to which I heartily dedicate it; wishing for no other reward, but that I may continue in thy Majesties Favour. Whereupon the Emperour giving him his hand to kiss, raised him from the ground, and demanded who he was; to them, he answered, that he was born in the Western parts of the World, but for some time Travelled in Greece; and that hearing of the splendor of the Emperial Court at Constantinople, he would needs Satisfy himself to see it; neither did he then repent his coming thither, for every thing did exactly answer his expectations. The Emperour would not suffer him to go back to his lodging, but would needs have him go along with himself to Court, where his wounds might be healed by his own Physitians, which was very Carefully and Dexterously performed, so that in few dayes he was perfectly recovered: Capriero also having been hurt in two places, was intrusted to the care of the Emperors

Grooms,

Grooms, who so performed their part, that he was well before his Master.

CHAP. IX.

How *Alphebo*, *Bemboes* Brother being to revenge his Brothers Death, was vanquished by St. *Patrick*.

OUr Champion had not rested himself long after the Conflict with Bembo, when newes being gone to Tartary, that their Champion was killed at Constantinople, his Brother whose Name was Alphebo, being for Valour and Courage every way equal to Bembo himself, hastens with all speed to Constantinople, resolving either to revenge his Brothers death, or else never to see his Country again. Being arrived, the first thing he did, was to enquire for his Name, whose Fortune it was to overcome the Mighty Bembo; which he no sooner learnt, but he presently sends him a most provoking Challenge in these Termes.

Presumptuous

Presumptuous Knight,

WHose misfortune it was to kill the braveſt Champion in the World; I his only Brother knowing aſſuredly, that thou could'ſt never have done ſuch an Act, but through Treachery, am here arrived to demand ſatisfaction, which I am reſolved to have upon any terms; and that in the very place where thou moſt cowardly murder'd my Valiant Brother; I am reſolved to offer up thy carcaſs, as a Sacrifice to my Gods, and and to carry thy Head in tryumph to my Country, to make ſatisfaction for thy wrong. If thou do not preſently anſwer my Challenge (as it is probable thou dareſt not) think not that the Emperours Pallace ſhall protect you, for my reſolution is to have thy life, if I ſhould break through Walls of Braſs for it; therefore your anſwer in haſt,

Alphebo.

This Challenge came to our Champion, as he was walking with the Emperor in the Garden; which he no ſooner received and read, but he let the Emperour ſee it: he having read it over, and obſerving the Dans raſh and

and inconſiderate way of Writing; turning about to St. Patrick, I perceive (ſaith he) that theſe two Knights are much of a temper, and I doubt the ſucceſs ſhall prove the ſame to this, as it did to the laſt: I need not adviſe thee what to do, I leave it to thy ſelf; and I queſtion not, but thy Sword is ſharp enough to vindicate thine Honour: What ever time and place thou ſhalt affix, care ſhall be taken that all things may be put in due order; and ſo adue.

The Emperour being gone to the Pallace, St. Patrick asked the Bearer of the Letter to tarry there a little, and he ſhould have his anſwer preſently, and ſo retired to a Summer Houſe, there writ his anſwer thus,

Sir Knight,

IT might be expected from a Man of Armes that he would not undervalue himſelf to invade the Province, not of a ſilly Woman, as you by your Scolding Language in your Letter; proves you ſelf to have done. I think it below my ſelf to take particular notice of any paſſage in it, ſo much as to mention it; only know, that your Brother, who hath gone before you, talked almoſt as broadly as you do; but the event proved, that his Tongue had the advantage of his hands

hands: And for your part, since you have not by his fate received instruction; make your self ready, and appear in the same place, to morrow morning at eight a Clock; where if you want to know how your unhappy Brother dyed, you shall upon your own charges be acquainted with it, by

Patrick.

Our Champion having dispatched the Messenger, he went to the Pallace, where he found the Emperour, giving the necessary orders for the next day; who desired that St. Patrick would be so free with him as to acquaint him of any thing that he might want that were necessary for the Action: He replyed, that he wanted nothing at present, only his Armour was much cut in the last Ingagement; whereupon the Emperour went presently to his Armory, and brought in his own hand, a stand of most excellent Armour, with which he presented St. Patrick, desiring him to try how it would fit him; which presently he did, and found it lay as well to his Body, as if it had been made for him; after that the Emperour had discoursed a while with him upon the next dayes adventure, he retired to his Chamber; where calling for Mac, he gave him strict orders, that he should look well to Crapriero, and should have

have his Saddle, and other things in good order before he went to rest, which Mac accordingly did. Thus our Champion passed over this wearisom night, long looking for the morning, which no sooner began to appear, but he presently arose from his Bed, and began to put every thing in its own place; having with all speed buckled on his Armour, when he found the appointed time approach, he came from his Chamber, where in the great Hall the Emperour met him, and complemented him at a high rate; and accompanying him to the Gate, he heartily wished him good success; and so left him to call the Princes and Ladyes of the Court together, that they might follow.

Our Champion entred the Lists by the way from the Pallace; where he no sooner appeared, but all the beholders began to wonder, who it should be, his Change of Armour making them no wise suspect, that he was the Champion that had made himself so famous in that place not long before. The Armour which he wore that day, was of a bright yellow colour, full of half Moons, overcast with a russet Coat. The Emperour and the Court had scarce taken their Seats when at the other end of the Lists entred the Tartarian, mounted upon a strong and mighty Courser: his Warlike Habit was of a sad Red Colour, with green Bars and golden Gravings; at his Saddle Pummel

hung

hung a mighty Mace of Steel; with all which he appeared mighty Terrible to all, except him with whom he had to do.

Without any other Ceremony, these two Warlike Champions, like two Flashes of Lightning, ran at one another; at the first Rancounter they peirced their Sheilds, the Breast-Plate of each staying his Adversaries Fury, from whence the shivers of the broken Launces mounted into the middle Region of the Air; then with the raging Wrath which possessed both of them alike, they returned upon each other, and with the strength of mighty Arms discharging such furious Blowes one upon the other, that all the Beholders expected the Conflict would not last long; but they were much mistaken; the furious Pagan laid on so fiercely with his Mace, that St. Patrick lost his Crest, and had his Head sore bruised; but feeling the smart of the blows, and seeing his own blood, he with redoubled strength let such fly at the Pagan, that he had almost tumbled him from his Saddle; yet it so fell out, that he only fell forward upon his Horses neck, shedding a great deal of blood through his nose and eyes.

Thus they continued for the space of five hours in such a bloody conflict as perhaps the World did never see the like: At last both of them begining to be weary, and ver-

ed

ed that his adversary should stand so long before him, with the utmost of their force, they discharged their fury in such sort, that they struck each other from their Horses, to the astonishment of all the beholders. The Pagan looked his Mace in the fall, which was a great loss to him, they scarcely touched the ground, when quicker than could be Imagin'd they were both upon their Feet again; but before the Pagan could well recover his feet, our Champion gave such a stroak with his Sword upon the top of his Shield, that he cut away a piece of it, with all the top of his Helm; an that side, this terrible blow made him stagger, and look as if he were ready to sink down upon the place; St. Patrick finding now that his Adversary was in such a maze, he seconded this blow with another upon his Thigh, cutting it to the bone. This awakned the Pagan, as it were out of a Dream, and seeing his own blood colouring the Grass all about him, it put him into such a Lyon-like fury, that like a devouring Bear he ran upon his Enemy, who in the same manner received him. Thus, as it were, the Battle is began afresh, with force and fury upon both sides; the noise of their Swords, was heard all over the Emperours Palaces, though Two hundred and fifty Paces distant from it. The Pagan finding that his adversary,

tary could handle his Sword with more dexterity than himself could do; and being now abundantly sensible of the want of his trusty Mace, resolved upon the first opportunity to get within him; which the other perceiving, he asked him if he thought it might be any advantage to him to try his strength in Wrestling; if it were, he told him that he was content to throw away his Sword, and to try him in any manner, or upon any terms he pleased; whereupon they both agreed; but withal, they were first to take a little breath.

Having both of them sat down at a little distance one from the other, they began each of them to be more sensible of his Wounds; the Pagan had received nine very deep wounds, one of which was upon his thigh, which did extremely trouble him, for it bled all the while he sat: St. Patrick hath four all about the Buckling of his Armour, two of which were very deep; his body also was very ill bruised with the Pagans Mace, which did him much hurt.

However, bethinking with himself that for all that was done, the victory was yet uncertain, he starts up upon his Feet with as much nimbleness, as if he had not fought a stroak that day: He addresseth himself to the Pagan thus, Sir Knight (saith he) We have kept the Emperour and his, all this day

looking

looking to no purpose, so little is done by us on either side; that they have no reason to be satisfied; come therefore, since thou hast thrown away thy Sword, and made it thy choice to determine the quarrel by your Strength, let us trifle away our time no longer. The Pagan seemed very ready, and with great Courage advanced towards him; and cast his mighty Arms about him: Here began a terrible Conflict, the Pagan raised our Champion from the Ground, and had almost thrown him upon his Back. He with all his Power held him fast, and in the meantime, with a Trip, got hold of him fast by the middle, by which he was in equal terms with him: Thus they tossed one another about like two Lyons, for a long space, till at last, St. Patrick, in a Rage, swinging the Pagan about, threw him well nigh six paces from him; with the force of which, he himself fell to the ground; but both were up again with such Nimbleness, that all the beholders were Astonished; then with renewed force they clapsed each other about the middle, which was the beginning of the last Scene of this Tragedy, and was as Courageously managed as any of the former; both of them knowing that it could not hold out much longer. The Pagan taking his advantage, attempted to throw his Adversary backward; But the

other, being as nimble as he was strong, not only kept his feet, but also with Admirable Force lifted up the Pagan from the ground, and threw him down again with such a noise, as made the ground shake; yet after much striving, he got up again. Now the light of Phæbus being by this time drencht within the caverns of the Western Ocean, and night having covered them with her dark vail; the two Champions cryed out for lights: Whereupon the Emperor caused above a thousand bright Torches to be lighted; but the Warriers were both of them so overcome with this long and tedious Conflict, that if Honour had not been so much concerned, which made both of them act above their strength, they could not have subsisted so long, especially the Pagan, who was wearyed with the Combat, and so weakned with the loss of his Blood, that for every step he made, with his Blood he left it printed on the Grass: However, finding that by his Sword he was not like to overcome his Adversary, and being still resolved either to conquer him, or dye in the place, he to his fatal loss, joyned with him again, and observing a Dagger by St. Patricks side, he snatched it from him, and thought to have run him through the left shoulder with it, but the Valiant St. Patrick disdaining thus to be wounded with his own Weapon, takes hold of the

Pagan

Pagan by the wriſt, forcing the Dagger out of his hand, and gives him ſuch a ſtab with it, in the Breaſt, that he fell upon his back. Whereupon our Champion preſently gets above him, and with the Dagger in his hand, beſpoke him thus: Now Knight, know aſſuredly, that your Life is in my hand; you may remember your Challenge, and that the contents of it were, that in the ſame place, where I killed your Brother, you ſhould in the ſame manner kill me; yet now you may ſee your folly, in venting your ſelf at ſuch a rate againſt a man whoſe ſtrength you knew not; till your own ſad experience gave you a Proof of it: But for my part, I have learned moderately to manage my Conqueſt; therefore, here I put it in thy Choice, either to dye, or live; if thou'lt accept of thy Life, as a complement from my hand, thou ſhalt have it, provided only, that thou acknowledg thy ſelf Overcome. At this motion, the Pagan began to Curſe, and Blaſpheme; Curſing his Gods that had thus left him in his Extremity. St. Patrick, asked him the ſecond time, if he would accept of his Terms, which he diſdainfully refuſed: Whereupon, with the Dagger which was ready in his hand, he cut off his head, and held it out to the people. No ſooner they eſpyed it, but they gave ſuch a ſhout, as made

all the Rocks resound: The Emperor immediately gave orders to his Physitians to accompany our Champion to the Palace: thither he was carryed in great Triumph, with sound of Trumpet, and other Warlike Instruments; persons of all Ranks and Qualities, expressing their kindness to him by all possible tokens of Love and Affection.

CHAP. X.

St. *Patrick* sets out from *Constantinople*, towards his one Country; he comes to the King of *Sicilies* Court, and of his Gallant behaviour there.

OUR renowned Champion, having purchased immortal Trophies of Fame all the World over; considering with himself, how long he had been absent from his Native Country, and from enjoying the comfortable Society, and Fellowship of his dearest Friends and Relations, (who by length of time, as also considering the great hazards to which he was daily exposed; began to despair, of ever seeing him again, resolves now to return home, and pass the rest of his dayes more obscurely. Therefore when he was perfectly cured of the wounds which he had received

reived in the last Rancounter with the Tartar he resolved to take hold of the first opportunity for communicating his purpose to the Emperor: Occasion soon after offers it self; for the Emperor being at his mornings walk in his Arbour, St. Patrick addresseth himself to him thus.

Illustrious Monarch, I make bold to interrupt your Majesty from your greater thoughts, by presenting my mean request to you: Sir, I am a Man, a great part of whose dayes have been spent in deeds of Armes, and now I am resolved by your Imperial leave, to return home to my Native Country, there to give my self to the Contemplation of Supernatural things; This therefore is my request, that it may please your Majesty to give me leave to depart your Court with those Marks of Honour, that usually are conferred upon such as have brought themselves under no Stigma of reproach under your service; higher I pretend not, and lower I presume, your Majesty will not place me. The Emperor not dreaming that St. Patrick would ever leave his Court, was hugely surprised, when he heard him thus talk of his speedy resolution; and after having for half an hour stood amazed as if he knew not what to say, at length he breaks out in a passionate manner. What,

Saith he, You whom of all the Knights in the world I most esteem, and by whom of all the Knights that ever appeared at my Court, I thought my self most Honoured, Wilt thou now after your having purchased such a vast Stock of Fame; nay which is more, gain'd my Affections in such a measure? Wilt thou I say, after all this, leave us thus obscurely? I hope you will not, therefore I desire you may consider better before you resolve. If you want any thing that can give you satisfaction which my Dominions can afford, let me know it, and doubt not but it shall be granted. St. Patrick replyed, that nothing moved him to leave his Majesties Court, but his longing to see his Native Country; and that if he were to pass his time as he had formerly done, no Monarch should command him more than he.

The Emperor finding that no intreaties could prevail with our Champion to tarry any longer with him, did at length (though much against his heart) Condescend to let him go, causing also rich Presents to be provided for him: but St. Patrick humbly refused them all; telling the Emperor, that those costly things were fitter for Ladies, than for such as he was.

Thus after a great many Ceremonies and Complements past on both sides, he departed

ed from Constantinople, with no other retinue but trusty Mack, and Capriero, directing his course towards Sicily; being come to the Mauritaman Coast, he hyred a small Vessel to transport him to Sicily, which no sooner was under Sail, but the Winde and the Element began a strife, as it were which of them should be most serviceable to him; so that in a shorter time than one can imagine, he came to a Harbour in a remote part of the Country. Having landed, and walked a while by the Sea side, there came to him an Old Reverend Lady all disordered with grief, having her Vail in her hand, and Hair hanging about her shoulders, our Champion upon her approach stood still, expecting that she would speak to him, which she her self intended; but when she went about it, such floods of tears rose in her Eyes, that she could not utter one word: whereupon he breaks off to her thus: I perceive Lady, that you are one whose Troubles are great, so much is expressed by your looks; but if they be not past remedy, be pleased to acquaint me with it, and I shall indeavour to see you set to rights. The Old Gentlewoman, when she heard such words from so Gallant-like a Person, began to revive, and to gather some hopes, that he might be the man that should ease not only her, but all Sicilie of their grief; whereupon she ab-

abruptly break her silence thus. Valiant Knight, who knows but that by the Gods, thou art ordained to make Sicilie happy, and sent hither at this time for that end; therefore I beseech you make haste to the place appointed, or I fear you may come too late. Our Knight began to be a little astonished at the Ladyes relation, and therefore desired her in short to be more plain in it. That I will do (quoth she) in as plain and short terms as I can. Know then Heroick Champion, that the fair Honoria, the King of Sicilies only Daughter, is this day (in all probability) to fall into the hands of a Monster: The manner thus; There liveth in a Forrest not far from the Kings Pallace, a huge creature shap'd like a man; but no doubt the product of some monsterous copulation; for though he seems to have somthing of the actions of a man, yet his terrible bigness, and most fierce actions makes many doubt what he is. This Gyant or Monster having upon a day, unfortunately seen the Beautiful Honoria as she passed in her Chariot through the wood, came within a few dayes, and very imperiously demanded her of her father: The King viewing his features, and considering his deformity, disdainfully refused him; whereupon immediately he departed, threatning to make her a dear Honoria to Sicily,

ly; and accordingly ever ſince he has made it his work to burn and deſtroy the Country where ever he comes, not ſparing either Age or Sex; none dares oppoſe, for his ſtrength is ſo terrible that men ſeems but like Rats in his Clutches. The King finding the great loſs the Country ſuſtained by his cruelty, ſent him an Herald, acquainting him, that if he did not (againſt this day) find one who ſhould fight him. and overcome him, he ſhould have his daughter. Now the day is come, and none hath as yet appeared at Court that offers battle to the Monſter; therefore, now Knight, think, what you have to do; If you will venture for Honour, do; if not, forbear.

This full and perfect account ſo filled our Champion with an itching to be at it, that he could ſcarce contain himſelf; ſo he asked the Lady which way he ſhould ſteer his courſe to find out the place of the Battell; ſhe told him, that if he ſhould ride to the right hand until he came to a little Brook, that Brook would lead him to the very place, where he ſhould ſee the Giants Tent ready pitched; but that ſhe was afraid there ſhould be none elſe there but himſelf. Without any more, S. Patrick lets his Spurs to his Horſe, commanding Mack to obſerve the Ladies direction, and follow him; and in the ſpace of an hour he came

came within sight of the Tent, which was of a prodigious bigness: he alighted without the field, and tyed Capriero to a Bush; then he began to advance towards the Tent. But as he was tying his horse to the Bush, one of the Kings servants who had been sent out as a private spye, sees him at a distance; who taking notice of his extraordinary appearance, ran back in all hast, and told the King of it; whereupon the King immediately Summons the whole Court together, and went out all in their Chariots towards the place.

St. Patrick having made no great hast towards the Tent, the King was within sight of the Field before the Gyant appeared; for St. Patrick as soon as he came near the Tent, made a sign upon the roof of it with his Launce for the Gyant to come out; but the Gyant pretending he was not ready, gave the King time to enter the field before he appeared: also people of all sorts having heard that a strange Champion was arrived, came to see the Event. The Gyant at length comes out of his Tent, with eyes full of Terror, having in his hand an Iron Mace of such bigness, that no ordinary man could carry a piece of Wood of such a size: He no sooner saw his Antagonist, but he struck at him with such a Force, that (he having nimbly leapt aside) it made the whole Field to shake: St. Patrick, before the Gyant could recover

recover his Mace, runs his Launce through his shoulder Bone; the Monster seeing his own Blood, became as mad as any Devil in Hell; Whereupon lifting up his fearful Instrument, let such a Blow at the other, as might be enough to cleave a Rock; but St. Patrick avoided it likewise; which made the Gyant in a rage, throw away his Mace, and draw his Terrible Sword; which when it appeared out of the Sheath, looked a great deal bigger than the Oar of a Schuller; with it he runs upon his Enemy with all his Force, who received him in the like manner: Thus the Conflict begins a fresh; the Gyant had strength, but not art to manage his Sword. St. Patrick, though he was short of the Gyant in Strength, yet his singular dexterity in handling the Sword, made him have the Advantage of his Adversary in that point, which he did not fail to improve to the Life; for they had not Fought above half an hour, when the Gyant had five deep Wounds in his Body; which did very much abate his Strength; and put him in such Fury, that his Sword proving as unserviceable to him, as his Mace did; threw it away also, and runs in upon his Antagonist, hoping to make his clutches do that which his Weapons could not do: But St. Patrick not willing to commit himself into his hands, whom he believed to exceed him so much in strength,

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holds the point of his Sword to him, to keep him off him; but he rushing forward with all his force, not regarding any hazard, run himself directly upon the Sword, and made it go directly through his Body. When he had thus received his Fatal Wound, he shrieched out in so terrible a manner, that he made both Heaven and Earth resound; tumbling down upon the ground like a Rock. The Spectators they shout aloud for joy, especially the King; for the joy he conceived in having his Country freed from such a terrible Enemy, and Honoria for being quit of so unpleasant a Lover. The Victory being absolutely obtained, the King himself came towards St. Patrick, where he was resting his wearied Body, by the Carcass of the Gyant, and invites him home with him, which the other willingly consented to.

Being conveyed by some Knights to a most sumptuous Apartment in the Palace, he disburdened himself of his Armour, which the Grand Seignior presented to him, which by this last Engagement, was so shattered to pieces, that it was now quite useless for any further service: His Head-Piece was beat together like an old Pewter-Platter, by the Gyants terrible Mace; so that if the Head it self, had not been of more than ordinary hardness, it had gone ill with him; as for his Body-Armour, though it was one of the

Best

Belt, that the eyes of man ever did behold, the morning before the Conflict; yet, so miserably was it cut, that one could scarce see an inch of it whole from head to foot; which made the Knights who stood by, exceedingly please themselves, in passing their Judgment upon it in merriment. Some asking our Champion, What he would sell his bundle of old Rags for? Another alledged, that he doubted, whether any Knight in Sicily (for as well as they were acquainted with Armour) if this bundle were presented to them, as it lay, could tell what it was. A third said, Our Champion would do well to take especial notice of every piece, as he laid it by, that he might know how to put it in its own place, when he had use for his Armour: for I will assure you (saith he) Sir Knight, you'le need timely Advertisement to make ready; for if the Enemy should assault us, your Tackling is a little out of Order. Well, well, Gentlemen, answered he, I see you are resolved to be merry, and rather than you should want a fit Subject, my distressed Armour must be laid hold on, which I very well allow of; but I must tell you, the cutting of it was no matter of Laughter to me, for I must confess, I was never in my Life so hardly Engaged, as I was with this Gyant: I knew his strength did by many Degrees exceed;

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mine; and beſides, I was much out of order, with my long and tedious Journey from Conſtantinople, which did not a little impair both my ſtrength and nimbleneſs; and I muſt further confeſs, that if he had had the way of managing his ſtrength with ſuch Knightly Dexterity as was becoming, I did look upon him to have been too hard for any Knight that beareth Armour, under the Sun; however, when I found where his Strength lay, I began to know how to deal with him, and accordingly I managed my buſineſs, ſo as all things happened according to my expectation; Nay, replyed one of the Knights, whether things fell out according to your expectation or not, I know not; but this I muſt ſay, (though I love not to Flatter any one to his face) that I did never in my Life ſee ſo ſeemingly unequal a match, have ſuch an unexpected Iſſue: For when you both appeared in the Field together, me thought I could make no fitter Compariſon betwixt, than of a Man and a Mountain, ſo diſproportioned were Statures one to the other; I looked upon your Adverſary fitter to overturn Rocks, than to fight with Men; neither do I believe that I was miſtaken of his Strength, for he ſeemed to make no more of the huge Mace he had in his Paw, than if it were no heavier than a rush: yet, ſaith he, (calling his Eye upon the

Fineneſs

Fineness of St. Patricks Armour, which lay upon the Table) I think truly the loss you have sustained in your Armour, might be a sufficient ground, of a new Challenge, if the Monster had survived. Come, come, answered he, that loss is no loss at all, if rightly considered; for I am certain his loss is greater that did it; nor do I in the least doubt but he was sufficiently sensible of it before his soul and his body parted; for one might read in his very looks, that he repented his interprise, and that if it were to do again, he would advise before he ventured. It is true, replyed another of the Knights, he was a prodigious Fellow to look on; but I doubt, that if we be asked by Strangers, (as undoubtedly we shall) concerning his exact dimentions, both as to his length and breadth, whether any of us can satisfie them. Indeed answered another, I cannot; Nor I, saith the third. Come, saith the fourth, that is a thing easie; for this Valiant Champion has laid him at his full length in yonder Field, (pointing out at the window to the Field where he lay); so that now one may safely measure him by inches from top to toe: Let any too of us go then, and for our own and others satisfaction, lying his exact dimentions: To which they all agreed, and so two of them went; but as they were going out at the door,

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one of the rest calls merrily after them. Gentlemen, saith he, I hope you know your business, and what you are going about. One of the Knights going out at door, turned about, and asked him, What made him question that? why, sayes he, I would have you forget none of your Necessaries for your work; for you know Mathematicians, when they who take the Dimensions of a Hill or Mountaine, they make use of the Quadrant, without which they cannot assure themselves whether they have done their business as they ought, or not. St. Patrick smiling at the Jest, said: Nay Gentlemen go about your work, for we have sport enough already, from the fellows Carrion, and my Armour; so that you see, how one mans rashness may be a Subject of Divertisement to many: The two Knights went accordingly about their Business, with a measuring Line; but their Line proving too short upon Tryal, they were forced to send for more, and themselves to wait by the Carcass, until it was brought them; then they went a second time to Work, and in the first place they measured his full length, which they found to have been Seven yards, three quarters, and Seven inches; then they measured the circumference of his Body about the middle; but this they found very difficult, because of the weight of his Trunk; yet by the help of some that looked on

on, they raiſed the Body ſo far from the ground, as to get the Line put under him, and bringing it about, they found his Circumference to be five yards and an half; laſt of all, they meaſured the Length betwixt his Eyes, which appeared to have been Twenty Inches full: Thus having ſatisfyed their own Curioſity in viewing, and meaſuring of him, they returned to the Palace.

They were no ſooner gone from the Carcaſs, but Six men in Armour, came from the adjacent Wood, and putting the Body upon a Huge Engine, ſomewhat reſembling a Hearſe, drawn by Six Horſes, and as it ſeemed, made of purpoſe for that end; they with a great deal of ſeeming grief, conveyed it to the wood; where, as ſoon as it entered, there begun ſuch a fearful crying and bellowing of men and women together, that St. Patrick, who all the while looked out at his Chamber-window, ſaid, Verrily, I with he has not been my Country man, for theſe lamentable Obſequies, reſembling our Iriſh Women, makes me deeply ſuſpect it.

The two Knights, being come back again, as they were giving an account of the matter, the King enters the room, who ſeeing two of the Knights ſtanding, one at one end of the room, the other, at the other, having a Line extended betwixt them, each of them

holding it by the end; asked them what it meant to them? they replyed: May it please your Majesty, this is the exact Length of the Gyant, which fell by the hands of this Valiant Knight (pointing to St. Patrick): The King, though he did see the Gyant fall, yet was he Astonished when he saw his Length, by the Line; nor could he hardly be perswaded to believe it, untill they shewed him his Thickness also; whence he concluded, that the Prodigious Bulk of his Body, had made him mistake, as to his Length; but when he saw the space betwixt his Eyes, he could by no means be perswaded to believe it, till with many Asseverations the two Knights who measured him, averred it: The King having heard and seen all that passed, walked five or six times about the room, in a profound silence, with his eyes fixed upon the ground: At last he breaks out with great Passion, and said, (directing his words to St. Patrick) O Knight, without reproach, thou Mirrour of Chivalry, had the Fates Honoured Sicily with thy Birth, I would look upon thee, as one of the Preciousest Jewels in my Regal Diadem; but however, it was otherwise ordered by the uncontroulable Powers, yet I purpose, that if Honour or Preferment, the Riches and Glory of Sicily, may be of any weight with you, that henceforth thou shalt live with

with me, and partake of my Fortune: I doubt not, but that you had Offers of this Nature from other Princes, before you came hither, yet, this does no ways discourage me from inviting you, nor put me out of hopes, but that you will comply with my desire; if there were nothing else to move you to it, but the examples of the many Valiant Champions, Famous over all the World, who after they had visited the most Famous Courts in the World, yet were content at last, to take up their residence with my predecessors at this Court. And for you Knight, if you will stay, here I pass my Royal Promise before these Gentlemen, that you shall have as much Honour and Respect, as any Knight that ever was in Sicily.

St. Patrick was mightily surpised at this, fearing that if he should persist in his former resolution of coming home to his own Country, as he intended to do, at any rate, he should lose the Kings Favour, which he had so lately procured; therefore he resolved to express his mind, as Courteously as was possible, so as not to give the King any ground to hope that he should tarry; so observing that the King by his stedfast looking in his Face, expected a present answer, he addressed himself to him in these terms.

Most Mighty King, I must acknowledge

that there is more than words required in a man of my Character, to retaliate ſo great and ſignal Honours, as your Majeſty hath tendered to me, ever ſince I had the happineſs to ſee your face; ſo that now I am forced to acknowledg my ſelf unhappy in that I want opportunity to expreſs the ſame. As to what your Majeſty requires of me; I heartily wiſh it were in my Power to comply with your Demand, but it is now paſt help; for I have put my ſelf under an inevitable neceſſity, of begging your Majeſties Pardon in that Point. I have been for many years abſent from my Native Country, and have put on a reſolution, and put my ſelf under a promiſe to return with the firſt occaſion; ſo that now my hands are tyed up, that I cannot obey your Majeſties Demand in this point, for which I am heartily ſorry.

The King finding him thus peremptory, reſolved to expreſs a great deal of Grief, but no diſpleaſure at him; he told him, ſince it was ſo, he expected that he would not be ſudden in his departure: to which the other conſented, and tarryed ſeveral days; but at laſt took leave of the King, and all his Court, and was diſmiſſed with all the expreſſions of Honour imaginable. But theſe Knights, who upon the Death of the Gyant, had made acquaintance with him, reſolved to convey him a

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part of his way, which accordingly they did: Their way from the Royal City, lay through the Wood, where the Gyant resided; and from thence he advanced to the Fatal Conflict with our Champion. The Wood, although frequently passed through in former times, yet for a great while before this, it became a perfect Wilderness, by reason of the Savage Creatures possessing it, which made people afraid to come nigh it; the common Road also was so overgrown with Bushes and Shrubs, that there was hardly any appearance of it to be seen: yet notwithstanding, St. Patrick being desirous to see his late Antagonist's Habitation, and to know them, he left to succeed him, if they were disposed to revenge his Quarrel; the other Knights also willing to satisfy their Curiosity, and that they might brag afterwards that they were among the first that entered the desolate Forrest, after the Death of the Monster; all conclude Unanimously to take their way through the Wood, resolving they should make some search, as they passed along the Monsters Mannor.

Thus they entered the Wood, about Ten of the Clock in the Forenoon, having left all the Servants without the Wood, commanding them to return home; only St. Patrick, because he was not to return again that way, took Mack along with him. They were not

thalf an hour in the Wood, when they began to question where they were; the Knights protested, that though they have many times passed through, yet now they knew not where they were; and that which bewilders me most (says one of them) is, that I see a Mountain yonder, over against me, which so far as I can remember, was not to be seen here in former times; to which all the rest of the Sicilian Knights agreed, saying, That unquestionably, this must be some extraordinary Thing: Whereupon, they all Rode towards it, to see it; But when they drew near it, they could discern it was an House built with Earth, Stone, and Wood, and such Materials as the Place could afford, to a prodigious Bignels: when they came to the door, they began to advise, whether it was safe to go in: But St. Patrick was so bent for it, that he made them presently consent: So they entered, every man having his Sword drawn, expecting to meet with some rugged fellows; but they were much mistaken, for they found none there, except an Old Man of about an Hundred years of Age, who sate by the Fire very Pensive; to him St. Patrick Addressed himself, in these terms. How now Old Man, What is become of the rest of your Company? to him the Old man answers very surly, You may go look; Nay, says the other,

other, I am not come hither to offend you; yet I think, I may safely ask you this question, which is commonly the first that is asked of a Solitary man, by such as Visit him: Then the Old man became a little more calm, and told them how that his Son was Killed some days ago in a Duel, hard by the King of Sicilies House, and now his other Sons, and the rest of his Friends were gone to bury him; but he would not tell them where, nor were they very curious to enquire: so having viewed the House, both within and without, the Old man directed them out of the Wood, where they heartily, and sorrowfully did bid adieu to each other.

Our Champion having for many years raised Piramids to his memory, both here, and in all the parts of Greece: Where he fought such Battels, and did such Wonderful Exploits; that his Name began to outsound that of his own Trojan Hector. At length he embraced a firm resolution to retire into his own Native Country; which he did, and having long confined himself to a retired Life, at length gave up his great Soul to the Conqueror of all Champions, Death.

Thus Patrick, *the Worlds-wonder, when his Sword*
O're Witches, Gyants, had proclaim'd him Lord;

When

When by his hand, the Mightieſt Monſters fell:
And Seas, and Shoars, his unmatcht Wonders tell:
After Proud Greece, *rais'd Temples to his Name,*
And the whole Univerſe Proclaim'd his Fame;
The Univerſe, a Theatre too ſcant,
His Numberleſs Heroick Arts to Paint!
Calmly unto his Native Soil *retires,*
And there doth Expiate his Martial Fires.
Ireland, *to Thee* Patrick, *this Honour gave,*
To be thy Patron, *who gav'ſt him a Grave:*
Whilſt Mighty Monarchs *to his Tomb do bring,*
Their great Encomiums, & Wiſe Bards do Sing
His Valours Praiſe, of which the world doth ring.

FINIS.